Soliloquies Meditations and Prayers of S.t Bonaventure

Croes fecit

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THE SOLILOQUIES OF St. *BONAVENTURE*,

Containing his four MENTAL EXERCISES.

AND

Alſo his Treatiſe, called,

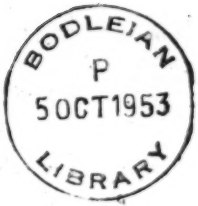
A Bundle of Myrrh,

Concerning

THE PASSION OF OUR SAVIOUR.

With XIII. Spirituall Exerciſes of the ſaid St. *Bonaventure*.

London, Printed for *H. Twyford* and *R. Wingate*; 1655.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The Epiſtle to the Reader upon the Soliloquy of S. BONAVENTURE.

THIS little work which is no leſs full of learning, then devotion miniſtreth moſt copious matter to him that is willing to cheriſh the light of contemplation, and the fire of charity. For the Authour induceth the Soul and the inner Man interchangeably,

ably, the one asking and the other answering, and with very many sentences of holy Fathers being intermixed, of which (as he sayth) he hath compiled this Treatise. This hee saith, that he may easily teach every one, how by mentall Exercise converting the eye of contemplation unto those things which are within him, unto those that are without him, unto those that are below him, and to those things that are above him (the mutable good being despised) he may

may pursue the Immutable & Eternall good with all the perfection of his mind. For this Soliloquy hath many things taken out of that work of *Hugo de S. Victore de Arrha Animæ*, to which it is very like.

The Contents.

The Sum of the 4. Mental Exercises of this little Work, are as followeth.

The First Exercise.

How the Soul ought by Mentall Exercise to reflect the Beams of Contemplation to those things which are within her that she may see, how she is formed by nature, deformed by sinne, and reformed by Grace.

The Second Exercise.

How the Soul by mentall Exercise ought to convert her Contemplation to to those things that are externall, that she may know how unstable Worldly wealth is, how mutable worldly Excellency is, and how miserable Worldly magnificence is.

The Third Exercise.

How the Soul by mentall Exercise, ought to convert the Rays of contemplation unto those things that are below her, that she may

understand the inevitable necessity of mans death, the formidable austerity of finall judgement, the intollerable pain of infernall punishment.

The Fourth Exercise.

How the Soul by mentall Exercise ought to convert the light of Contemplation unto those things which are above her, that she may know and understand the inestimable value of celestiall joy, the unspeakable delight, and the interminable Eternity.

The

The Contents

of the first Mental Exercise
Chapter 1st. Page 1st.
How the Soul is formd
by Nature

Chapter 2d Page 25.
How the Soul is deformd
by Sin

Chapter 3d Page 66
How the Soul is reformd
by Grace

The Second Mental
Exercise
Chapter 1st. Page 112
How unstable worldly
wealth is

Chapter 2d Page 124
How Mutable worldly
excellency is ——
Chapter 3 Page 138
How Miserable worldly
Magnificence is

Third Mental
Exercise ——
Chapter 1st. Page 174
The Inevitable
necessity of Mans Death
Chapter 2d Page 183
The Formidable
Austerity of the Final
Judgment ——

Chapter 3 Page 188
The Intollerable
Pain of Infernal Punish
-ment
The Fourth Mental
Exercise
Chapter 1st. Page 200
The Inestimable
Value of Celestial Joy
Chapter 2. Page 224
The Unspeakable Delight, &
Chapter 3 Page 252
The Interminable Eternity
Page 296 The humble and
Contrite Sinners Thank-
-fulness to Almighty God

for his Mercy & Goodney
towards him
Page 299 A Bundle
of Myrrhe for every
Day of the Week
Page 321 Spiritual
Exercises for every
Day of the Week.

The Preface.

I Bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole Family of Heaven and Earth is named, That he would grant you according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his spirit in the inner man, that Christ may dwell in your hearts by Faith, that ye be rooted and grounded

love, may be able to comprehend with all Saints, what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height: and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulnes of God, *Eph*: 3.14.to the 20.

Paul the Apostle, the Vessel of eternall Election, the Treasury of divine Sanctification, the Mirrour and Example of heavenly contemplation in his former Words sheweth us, the Beginning, Object, and Frnit of mentall Exercise.

For mentall Exercise, to the end it may become pious and wholsome, it is necessary that it have a power supernaturally strẽgthening, a wisdom regulating, and a clemency comforting, let therefore the devout Soul, inflamed with the love of divine contemplation, bow the knees of her mind before the Throne of the most blessed and Incomprehensible Trinity, let her humbly knock and discreetly desire,

The strengthening power of God the Father, lest wearied with labour she be seduced.

The

The directing Wisdome of God the Son, left seduced with error, she wander from the truth.

The comforting Piety and Clemency of the Holy Ghost, left overcome with wearisomness she faint.

For every good thing that is given, and every gift that is perfect, is from above, descending from the Father of lights, and according to S. Augustine, *all our good is either God, or from God, he therefore in the beginning of every good worke is fit to be implored, from whom originally every good*

good thing proceedeth, by whom every good thing exemplarly is produced, and to whom every good thing finally is addressed.

This is that ineffable Trinity, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, which the Apostle speaks of when he saith. I bow my knees &c. unto that place. That ye may be able.

Secondly he sheweth the Object of this wholsome mentall Exercise. The Object truly of the Exercise of a devout mind is said to be internall, and externall, superior and inferior.

For

For the devout Soule ought by mentall exercise to reflect the light of contemplation first to her interior thoughts, that she may know,

1. *How she is formed by Nature.*
2. *Deformed by sin.*
3. *Reformed by Grace.*

Secondly, she ought to convert the light of contemplation; unto those things which are without her, that shee may know,

1. *How*

1 *How unstable Worldly Wealth is.*
2 *How mutable worldly Excellency is. And*
3 *How miserable Worldly Magnificence is.*

Thirdly she ought also to convert the light of her contemplation, unto those things that are below her that she may understand.

1 *The inevitable necessity of mans death.*
2 *The formidable austerity of finall Judgement*
3 *The intollerable paine of infernall punnishment.*

Fourthly she ought to convert the light of Con-

tem-

temptation unto those things that are above her, that she may know and tast.

1 The inestimable value of Heavenly Joy.
2 The Ineffable delight, And
3 The Interminable Eternity.

This is that blessed Cross terminated with foure ends, wherein, O Devout Soule, thou oughtest continually by meditation to suffer with thy most sweet Bridegroom Christ Jesus. This is that fiery Chariot, consisting of foure wheels, where

wherewith thou oughteſt dayly in contemplation to mount up unto the Palace of Heaven, to find out thy moſt faithfull friend. This is that foure-fold Region, Eaſt, Weſt, North, South, which thou, O my Soule, oughteſt daily by Perigrination to enter into, and to ſeek and find out therein by ſpeculation thy moſt dearеſt beloved, that thou mayeſt ſay with the ſpouſe: In my Bed I have ſought him by night, whom my ſoule loved. Theſe foure the Apoſtle ſeemeth to inſinuate, when he addeth

deth. That ye may be able to comprehend with all Saints, what is the breadth and length and depth and height.

The fruit of this wholesome Exercise (if it be worthy and laudably put in practise) is eternall felicity which is the best and fairest thing, and of it selfe most sufficient, wanting no other thing besides it selfe. Wherein we shall see, and shall love, shall call upon and laud in Eternity, (and beyond Eternity) him that is blessed for ever. This fruit the Apostle promiseth

miſeth when he concludeth his ſpeech ſaying. That ye mighe be filled with all the fulneſſe of God.

Wee ſhall then find this fulneſſe, when God ſhall be to our will, plenty of Peace; to our reaſon, fulneſſe of light; to our memory a continuation of Eternity. For then God ſhall be All in All, when from reaſon all errour, from will all griefe, from Memory all feare ſhall depart, and that ſhall ſucceed, which we hoped for, wonderfull ſerenity, divine pleaſure, eternall ſecurity.

This

The Preface:

This Treatiſe (my Conſcience inſtigating me) I have compiled for the more ignorant, in plaine Phraſes, out of the Works of holy men, in forme of a certaine Dialogue, wherein the Devout ſoule a Diſciple of the Eternall truth by Meditation asketh Queſtions, and the Inner man mentally ſpeaking anſwereth.

But that we may the better attaine to the ineſtimable Contemplation of this mental exerciſe. Firſt let us begin and humbly by Invocation approach

unto

unto the Father of lights: Let Vs devoutly bow the knees of our heart, before the Throne of the Eternall Majesty, and with teares and groans before the Royall seate of the Judiciall Trinity, let Vs incessantly pray, that God the Father, by his blessed Sonne, would grant us, the grace of mentall Exercise in the Holy Ghost, that we may know, what is the breadth and length, and depth, and height, that by this we may attaine to that which is the end and complement of of all our desires. AMEN.

The

The first Exercise.

How the Soul by mentall Exercise ought to reflect the Beams of Contemplation to those things that are within her, that she may see.

1. *How she is formed by Nature.*
2. *Deformed by Sin.*
3. *Reformed by Grace.*

CHAP. I.

How the Soul is formed by Nature.

TEll me, I pray thee, after devout invocation of the divine magnificence, and after

after an humble imploring of the Eternall wisdome, and last of all after a meek supplication of the supernal piety and clemency, if I might obtain the grace of mental exercise concerning the fourfold matter, to wit, longitude, latitude, sublimity and profundity: tell me, I pray thee, O man, in what order I should begin, lest I should lose the worth of this Exercise, if I should ignorantly proceed with an unbefitting course: for (according to S. *Ambr.*) *ignorance or want of Order perturbs the form of merits: nor is it accounted* (according to the same Author) that there is in us no perfect knowledge of the thing, when we know what is to be done, and are ignorant in what order to proceed. *Man*

Man.

O My Soul, (according to S. Bernard) let thy consideration begin with thy selfe, lest in vaine thou searchest into other things, thy selfe being neglected. [Idem,] Many men knew many things, and know not themselves; they look into others and forsake themselves, seeking God by those things that are externall, leaving their internall, in whom God is interior. Wherefore I will return from the externall to the internal, and from the internall I will ascend to the supernall, that I may know from whence I came, or whither I go; from whence I am, or what I am; and so by the knowledge of

my selfe, I may ascend to the knowledge of God. In like manner S. *Chrysostom* upon S. *Mathew* saith, That the knowledge of a mans self is not the least part of Philosophy.

Item Ambrosius in Hexameron.

Know thy self O man, what thou art, look that thou consider what enters into thee in thy thought, what passeth from thee in thy discourse. Examine thy life therefore, O my Soul, by a daily discussion, consider diligently, how much thou profitest, how much thou art deficient, what thou art in manners, what thou art in affection, how like or dislike, how near or far off thou art to God. Ever acknowledge this, that it is much more commendable and better

ter for thee, if thou knowest thy self, then if (thy self being neglected) thou knowest the course of the Stars, the vertues of Herbs, the complexions of Men, the natures of living creatures, hadst the knowledge of all heavenly & earthly things. Render therefore thy selfe to thy selfe, and if not alwaies, yet at least sometimes. Govern thy affections, direct thy actions, correct thy waies: Therefore O my Soul, keep the Councels of holy men, and first of all convert the rules of contemplation to the East region, (that is to say) to the consideration of thy own condition. Diligently therefore consider how nobly thou art made of God by nature, how vitiously by thy own will

thou art deformed through sin, how gratiously by the divine goodness thou art often reformed by Grace.

First therfore consider how nobly thou art formed by nature. Thy naturall nobility, as I conceive, consists in this, because that there is imprinted in thee naturally to beautifie thee, the image of the most blessed Trinity, whereupon S. *Anselm* in his *Prosologie* saith: I confess O Lord, and give thee thanks, because thou hast created me according to thy own Image, that I might be mindfull of thee, think of thee, and love thee.

S. *Bernard.* According to the interior man, three things I find in me, by which I call to mind, behold and desire

desire God. These three are, Memory, Understanding, and Will. For when I am mindfull of God, in him also I am delighted, for the memory of him is upon one, when with my understanding I behold him how much in himselfe he is incomprehensible, because he is the beginning and end of all things.

In Angels desirable, because they desire to behold him.

In all his Saints delectable, forasmuch as continually (they being happy) do rejoice in him.

In all his Creatures admirable, because he powerfully createth, wisely governeth, bountifully dispenseth all things.

When I look into these

things, him also I desire. When I love God by my will, I transform my selfe into him. For this is the power or vertue of love that it maketh thee to be like unto that which thou lovest. *These S. Bernard.*

Re-acknowledge therefore O my soule, how wonderfull and inestimable a dignity it is, not only to be a mark of the Creator, which is common to all creatures, but to be the very Image of him, which is only proper to a reasonable creature. Praise therefore, O my soule, our Lord; praise thy God O Sion.

Awake and praise, rejoice and be glad, because thou art adorned with the image of God, made comely with his similitude, partaker of reason, capable

capable of eternall happiness;

But because these things perhaps not unworthily may be judged meane, if they should end with death, exult and praise, because beside the aforesaid he hath bestowed on thee an immortall nature, an incorruptible substance, an interminable durance, a perpetual life. For thou shouldst not be the Image of the eternall Trinity, if thou couldst be shut up within the bounds of death. *S. Aug. of the city of God.*

O my soule consider that thy Creator after this being, hath geven thee a perpetuall being, after this he hath given thee power to live, to perceive, to discern; he hath adorned thee with senses,

he hath enlightened thee with wisdom. Attend therefore thy comlines, that thou maist understand, what beautie thou oughtest to love in thy selse, which if thou be not sufficient to contemplate thy selfe, as it befits thee, why then at least dost thou not weigh and consider by another mans judgement, what thou oughtest to esteem of thy self? Thou hast a Spouse, of whose beautie (if thou didst not doubt) thou wouldst know, that so fair, so comly, so only a Son of God would not be ravished with thy countenance, if a singular comlines, and above all others to be admired did not invite him. *These S. Aug.*

But perhaps these mean things, O my soul who art too

too ingratefull, do ſeem to thee too ſmall and mean, wherefore in the third place heare an admirable dignitie: that thou art of ſuch a ſimplicity, that nothing can inhabit the ſeat of thy mind, nothing can make therein any manſion, but only the ſimplicitie and puritie of the Eternal Trinitie. Behold what the Bridegroom ſaith: I (ſaith he) and my Father will come unto him, and will make a manſion with him. And in another place in the Goſpel, *Zacheus* make haſte to come down, becauſe to day it behoveth me to ſtay in thy houſe. For to inſinuate into the mind is only poſſible to him that created it. For he it is who being more intimate in thy thoughts, doth

give himselfe to thee, as S. *Aug.* saith. Rejoice therefore, O happie soul, that thou canst be an entertainer of such a Guest, *S. Bern.* O happie is that soul, which daily doth cleanse her heart, that she may receive God to dwel therein, which host can want no good, because he hath in himselfe the Author of all goodnes. O how blessed is that Soul with whom God hath found rest, which can say: Hee that created mee hath rested in my Tabernacle. So that the Heavens cannot deny her a resting place in Heaven, who hath prepared for himselfe a rest in this life.

O my soule, thou art too covetous, if the presence of such a Guest cannot content thee

thee, because I know he is so liberall, that he wil give and communicate unto thee of his good things, that he is so holy, that he will enrich thee with his gifts. For it would in no wise become so great a Prince, if he should permit his Entertainer to want. Adorn therefore thy Bed, and receive the King thy Maker, of whose prudence thy whole Family shall rejoyce and be glad.

O truly wonderfull & very admirable sentence! The King whose beauty the Sun and Moon do admire, whose greatness the Heaven and earth do reverence, of whose wisdom the Troops of Heavenly Spirits are illuminated, of whose clemency the Colledge of all the blessed are satiated

tiated ; such a one , O my Soul, desireth thy entertainment, thy Supping Parlour more then he coveteth or wisheth for a Heavenly Pallace. For his delights are to be with the Sons of men.

But if yet these do not move thee to praise thy Creator, convert the light of thy contemplation to the fourth benefit, and know , that thy palace is of such a capacity , that no creature is sufficient to satisfie thy desire , : *Hugo de Sancto Victore.*

All pleasure , all sweetness , all power , all the abundance of things created may affect a humane heart , but cannot satisfie it. S. *Anselm.*

Every Creature which is

not

not my God is to me poverty. And wherefore? Truly (according to S. *Gregory* in his Morals) a humane Soule which is made earnestly to desire God, whatsoever it desireth beneath God is less then God, and therefore by right that sufficeth her not which is not God.

Now as I thinke, O my Soul, thou hast sufficiently seen thy Nobility, which is very laudable. Convert now the light of contemplation to thy power, above all other Creatures, which truly is admirable. O my Soule; what hath thy Spouse given thee? Behold this World, every thing doth direct his course to that end, that

Hugo de Arrha animæ.

that it may serve for thy profits, and that it may continually offer it it selfe to thy pleasures, according to the distribution of times. See now, O my Soule, diligently consider, that the Creator thy Spouse and friend hath ordained the whole Fabricke of the world for thy service. Behold, the Angels doe cleanse and inflame thy affection, illuminate and inform thy Intellect, doe perfect, and keepe thy bodie. It is a great dignitie to have such Doctors, Comforters, and such Conservers. O my Soule, if thou couldst perceive with what joy, and with what gladnes they assist our prayers, are present at our Meditations, with

what

what care they conserve us in Good, with what desire they expect Us and Our Eternall salvation.

The Heaven seeks to please thee by his motion, the luminaries by their influence, the Sun gives the day the Moon lights the night, the fire tempers the coldness of the Aire, the Aire mitigates for thee, the incernall heat of fire, the water cleanseth thy foulness cooleth the heat of thy thirst, and doth fructifie the Earth, The Earth likewise doth beare thee with his solidity, recreate thee with his fertility, delight thee with his pleasantness. Behold O my soule thou hast briefly runne through all, from the Inferior to the Superior, and hast found that every Creature to

this

this end doth direct his course by the Divine ordination, how far they may be beneficiall unto thee, and incessantly offer themselves for thy pleasures. But take heed O my soule, least thou be called not a Spouse, but an Adultresse, if thou lovest more the gifts of the giver, then the affection of the Lover. *Saint* Aug *in his* 2. *Book of Confessions.*

Woe unto thee if thou wander from his foot-steps, if thou love his Invitations and not him, and dost not consider with the understanding of a pure mind, what that most blessed light doth insinuate, whose Invitations and foot-steps are the forme and beauty of all Creatures. Yet if by chance thou art ignorant

norant of thy selfe, O faireſt of Woemen, Go forth, and haſten after the footſteps of the Flock, that is, of unreaſonable Creatures, who are the Foot-ſteps of thy Creator, but thou art the mirrour of the moſt bleſſed Trinity. Therefore thou art accounted more worthy, and more Excellent then all they. And feed thy Kids nere unto the Tabernacles of the Shepheard, that is, convert thy cogitations to the Troops of Angels, to whom in ſome ſort thou now art like in Nature, and ſhall be fellow Citizen in Glory.

SOVLE.

SOVLE.

NOw I haye been ſufficiently ſilent, I haye long enough held my peace. Even now with ſhamefaſtneſſe and bluſhing. I am compelled to confeſſe and ſay, that I haye little conſidered this dignity. Alas unhappy ſoule and miſerable that I am, I haye too unworthily proſtituted my love, I haye not glorified my Maker, for all theſe his benefits, I haye not bleſſed my God for all his gifts, and haye not adored him in all my life, but haye lived too unworthily and irreverently, too vainly and negligently. And that I may confeſſe the truth, (according to Saint *Bern.*) by how much more

more perfectly I behold my dignity, by so much I am confounded, and bluſh that I have led an unnaturall life. For I feare that the faulte is so much the more grievous, by how much my nature is more worthy and noble. I am afraid that by so much the offence is so much the more dangerous, by how much the Excellency of him, who is offended is the greater. I much feare that the Injurie is by so much the worse, by how much greater the benefits of him have been, whom I have wronged.

Alas! Alas! O Lord my God, I now weigh by the dignity of thy substance the vilenesse of my malice, by the comelinesse of Nature I know the deformity of sinne, by

by the remembrance of Benefits receiued, are manifested the Ingratitude of my Actions. Wo is me, miserable soule, now I see, now I know, that whatsoeuer I haue receiued for the use of life of the chief Giuer, I haue miserably imployed them to the abuse of sinne and wickednesse. The tranquillity of humane peace, I haue conuerted to the use of vaine security; the Pilgrimage of the Earth, I haue loued, as if it should be my perpetuall Habitation: the health and beauty of body, I haue subiected to the seruitude of my pleasure: the abundance of plenty I haue consumed, not for the necessity of my body, but to the superfluity of my miserable couetousnes. Faire

weather

weather and refreshing Aire I have abused to serve me, for the love of earthly delights. I feare alas and much doubt, least these become Instruments of my punishment which did serve as evill Instruments to my vices.

MAN.

O My Soule in some sort I now perceive that thy knowledge is good. For I perceive by thy words that my admonition hath not been in vaine. It seemeth to me by the divine power, thou art somewhat enlightned, and moved by the touch of the true light. Because (according to Saint *Greg.* in his Morals.) Every one whilst he is illuminated by the touch

touch of the true light, he is shewen from whence that Justice is, whereby he is enlightened, & what that sinne is, whereby he is blinded. From whence holy men, by how much the higher they profit in the dignity of vertues with GOD, by so much more clearly they discerne themselves to be unworthy: for they when they approach neerest unto the light, do more plainely perceive what lay hid within them.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

How vitiously the Soule is deformed by sinne.

MAN.

THerefore, O my soul, if being touched with the light of truth, thou know thy dignity, which hitherto thou hast not considered, if thou understandest the same, wherby thou hast offended thy Creator, and hast seen, how gratiously thou art framed by Nature, See now how vitiously thou art deformed &c. by sinne. Being sinne.

to

to thy own memory, O wearisome and miserable soule thy enormous offence, and conduct it even to Heaven with sorrow, and lamentation. Consider, O my soule, who hast forsaken God, and being an Adultress unto Christ, what thou hast done: Thou hast forsaken thy chast love in Heaven, hast despised thy maker, hast cast off thy Spouse, hast offended thy God, thou hast irreverently used thy holy Angel Guardian. Thou wast once the Temple of God, the Spouse of Christ, the Closset of the Holy Ghost. Whence is this suddain and quick change? of a Virgin of God, thou art made corrupted of Satan? of a spouse of Christ, the Execrable Whore of the Devill?

Remem-

Remember O my Soule, for what thou haſt ſould thy beauty, for what thou haſt caſt away thy honour, for whom thou haſt ſo filthily defiled thy comlineſſe, how great a good thou haſt ſould at ſo vile a rate. O my ſoule, why haſt thou robbed thy ſelf of ſo many good things? wherefore haſt thou in vaine deprived thy ſelfe of ſuch honours? why haſt thou neglected ſo many good works? haſt lived ſo many years, ſo many dayes, ſo many houres without fruit?

SOULE.

St. *Bern.* I Acknowledge, O man that thou ſpeakeſt truth, and not unworthily reprehendeſt me of ſo

great a Tranſgreſſion.

O Lord my God, how many times have paſſed, that I behold, wherein I have lived before thee without fruit, how ſhall I ſubſiſt? how ſhall I be able to lift up my face before thee, in that great and terrible *Examen*, when thou ſhalt command all my dayes to be numbred, ſeeking fruit therein. O Lord God, why have I at any time omitted thee, to be converſant in my heart, to embrace thee, with all my mind, to be delighted with thy ſweetneſſe? Where then were all my internall thoughts when they were not with thee, when every Creature hath from thee, whatſoever he hath deſireable laudable, or delectable.

Alas O Lord, now I underſtand

derstand, but blush to confess the forme and comlinesse of Creatures have deceived my Eye, and I have not considered, that thou art more beautifull then all Creatures, to whom thou hast communicated but one drop of thy inestimable beauty. For who hath adorned the Heaven with starrs, the Aire with Birds, the Water with Fishes, the Earth with Plants and Flowers. Men in body with divers complexions, in mind with divers Vertues? Are not, O most mercifull Father these Troops of Heavenly Spirits by thee adorned with divers gifts?

O good Jesu, the fountaine of all pulchritude, pardon me miserable soule, that I

have so lately known, and so slowly loved thy beauty, wherefore I have most miserably erred. The sweetnesse also of the Creatures have deceived my tast, and I have not considered that thou art far sweeter then honey. For thou hast given to honey and every Creature its sweetnes, yea thine also, and there is not any other sweetnesse or delight in any Creature, but the little demonstration of thy sweetnesse, which thou hast laid up for them, that feare thee, whence it comes to passe, that the sweetnesse of all the Creatures (if any one truely consider it) is to no other end, but to invite us to thy Eternall sweetnesse. O Jesu the fountaine of all

all sweetnesse and Piety, pardon me that I have not observed thy inestimable and mellifluous sweetnesse in the Creature nor tasted them with the affection of my internall mind, wherefore I have most miserably erred and gone astray, and I have filled my soule till now, with the Husks or draffe of Swine. But alas, I feare as yet, I have not been fed with the Bread of thy Children, therefore I have alwayes remained empty and Hunger-starven in the delights of the World. Because we will not inwardly taste of thy prepared sweetnesse, therefore we hunger-starved and miserable Creatures are in love with our own penurie and wants

St. *Gregory.*

S. Aug. in his Booke of Confessions.

O most sweet Jesus, now I see, now I acknowledge, that all sweetnes which is not from thee, hath been to me a great affliction and misery. For thou O most mercifull God, even in my sins wast alwayes present with me, most piously sustaining all my wicked and evill delights, imbracing them with thy most bitter griefs, teaching me by thy stripes, that if I would have delight without bitternesse, I could not have it but in thee O Lord. But alas, I have not understood this learning, therefore have I erred, yet in my evill delights I have alwaies feared the betrayer, I have feared the accuser, I have

have feared the Reprehender, I have sometimes feared my Conscience, I have oftentimes feared Infamy, I have sometimes feared Hell; and yet alas miserable Soule that I am, amongst so many miseries I have not changed, nor forsaken my own will.

The odour also of the Creature hath deceived my smell, and I have been ignorant, O good Jesus, that thy odour doth savour sweeter then all Aromaticall things. O good Jesus, the fountain of all odour, whose sweetnes doth make me continually to run and incessantly to labour after thee. Pardon me that so late I have known thee, so slowly have run after thee in the savour of thy Oyntments. I think notwithstanding, and

by this I do not excuſe my ſelfe, that the odour of that heavenly ſtorehouſe is not mixed with this earthly ſtench, wherewith I was infected.

The falſ and deceitful ſound of the Creatures hath alſo deceived my hearing, and I have not knowne nor perceived,

How ſweet thy words are to the Palate of thy Elect.

How pleaſant thy Councels are to the eares of thy friends.

How light thy Commandements are to the hands of thy Saints.

O Jeſus, the Fountain of wiſdom, the Author of knowledge, the Giver of chaſte Councell, make me yet now at leaſt to hear thy voice, let

thy

thy voice ſound in my eares. With how great bitterneſs do I call to mind that I was deceived by that moſt miſerable voice of thoſe that ſung and ſaid: Come let us enjoy the good things that are, let us crown our ſelves with Roſes before they wither, and let not the flower of our time paſs us; let us fill our ſelves with precious wine, and the beſt ointments, let us every where leave ſignes of our joy and gladneſs. This voice I have heard and have not underſtood nor conſidered that all things are vain, and to be laughed at. For all theſe and the like ſuddenly have ſlipped away and vaniſhed like a ſhaddow.

For what have all theſe vain things brought to their lovers? What

What profit then have they had in those things wherein now they are confounded and ashamed of?

O Lord my God, the light of my heart, the food of my soule, the vertue affecting my minde, I did not love thee, yet I fornicated without thee, and those that fornicated with mee, they cried ha, ha.

The friendship of this world is fornication without thee. O what is more miserable then a miserable man, that shows not mercy to himselfe? But in all these things thou O most loving God wert alwaies present with me, I have often heard thy voice, I have perceived thy wholsome inspiration, but never consented. O how often hast

thou

thou inſpired this moſt wholeſome counſel to me? *Thou haſt ſinned, forbear, leave, and bluſh.*

To which I miſerable ſoule have followed the cuſtome of St. *Auguſtine*, *in his booke of Confeſſions*. Sometimes I have anſwered drowſily, O Lord expect me a while, ſuffer me a little, now I will reſt from vanity, now I will bluſh at my naughtineſs, I will forſake all vaine and worldly things. But alas! that little that now had neither meane nor meaſure, and it was too long protracted.

This ſloath is a thing, that murthereth many eternally, and for ever detains them in ſins who do not correct or apply themſelves *Item Auguſtinus.*

ſelves to the voice of our Lord. They heare truely the voice of ſecret inſpiration, but do not amend their life, ſaying, to *morrow*, to *morrow*, and ſuddenly the doore is ſhut, and the ſinner remains without, even without the Arke of the Celeſtiall Countrey, croaking with the voice of a Crow for his ſinnes, becauſe he would not lament and mourne with the Dove.

Saint *Greg.*

Alas how their owne felicity hath proſtrated many men worſe in ſinnes, their continuall peace hath made many men ſluggiſh, and thereby the wicked enemy hath preſently, more greivouſly afflicted them, by how much longer by the uſe of quiet he hath found them negligent.

For

For whom God doth longer suffer that they may be converted, the more grevously he condemneth them, not being converted. *Item Gregorius.*

But O man, that I may more perfectly and manifestly discover to thee the story of my unhappinesse, all these were not sufficient to make me enough unhappy, but alas to make my damnation the greater, worldly delicatnesse did too miserably deceive my touch, and I was ignorant, O Good Jesu, that thy embraces were so sweet, thy touch so chast, thy Familiarity so delightfull. For when I shall love thee, I am cleane, when I touch thee, I am chast, when I shall receive thee

thee I am a Virgin. Thy Embraces, O most sweet Jesus, do not maculate, but purifie, thy touch doth not defile, but sanctifie:

O Jesu the fountaine of all sweetnesse and delight, pardon me, that so lately I have believed, how much purity, how much dignity, how much sweetnes, the left hand of thy Eternall wisdome and knowledge hath, when it is under my head, that is my reason: and the right hand of thy clemency and affection, when it shall embrace me, that is, my Will. Woe is me miserable soule, what can be ever proved so sweet, so pleasant, so delightfull and healthfull, as to rest betwixt the Armes of such a Spouse, happily to repose within the kisses of so great

great a King and friend?

This ſweetneſſe the devout ſoule perceived when ſhe wiſhed, ſaying: Lee him kiſs me with the kiſſes of his lips.

Had the devout ſoule ever tried theſe delights when inflamed with love ſhe prayed, and almoſt fainting for the deſire of her beloved, ſaying: O that thou wert as my Brother, that ſucked the breaſts of my Mother! when I ſhould find thee without, I would kiſſe thee, yet I ſhould not be deſpiſed? I would lead thee and bring thee into my Fathers houſe, and into the bed of her that bare me. There thou ſhalt inſtruct me, and I will cauſe thee to drink of ſpiced Wine, and of the juice of my Pomegranates. *In the Canticles.*

Who

Who is able to declare, but he that in ſpirit had taſted, how much ſweetneſſe and devotion this diſcourſe containeth, when he well conſidereth, and is rightly nouriſhed with a devout mind? wherefore I leave the Expoſition to the devout ſoule.

But O Lord God, if theſe be ſo ſweet to our thinking of them, how ſweet are they to them that taſte them? if ſo pleaſant to him that reads them, how comfortable will they be by affection, to them that feel them? make me, O moſt ſweet Jeſu Saint inwardly to taſt that *Aug.* by love, which outwardly I taſt by thought: make me to perceive by affection, what I perceive by my underſtanding.

Ah

Ah O moſt ſweet Jeſu, peirce the marrow of my ſoul with the healthfull ſhafts of thy love, that it may truely burne, languiſh and melt, and may faint only with the deſire of thee, and may deſire to be diſſolved, and to be with thee. Let it alwayes hunger after thee only, the bread of Celeſtiall life, who deſcendeſt from Heaven. Let it thirſt after thee the Fountaine of life, the fountaine of Eternall light, the torrent of true pleaſure. That it may alwayes deſire thee, ſeek thee, and may find thee, and ſweetly reſt in thee. But what madneſſe; what infernall furies, ſo long time hath hindred ſuch things and ſuch comforts of my mind, ſuch joyes and melliſluous banquets from me

Tell

Tell me I pray thee, O man, what is the cauſe of ſo great evill, what is the reaſon of ſo much danger, what is the occaſion of ſo great loſſe?

MAN.

I Perceive, O my ſoule, that now thou art wearied with labours, now vexed with ſorrow, that thou art not further able to find to whom thou mayſt aſcribe the great evill brought upon, thee I deſire therefore, that thou wilt heare me with patience, if I ſhall demonſtrate to thee the cauſe of ſo great a loſſe, if I ſhow thee the Enemy of ſo great an evill. Now ſomewhat in part thou haſt diſcovered the enemy, yet perhaps

haps for greif of mind, thou hast not considered, that thou hast O my soule, a domestick enemy, an Enemy that is thy friend, an adversary thy Neighbour, which hath rendred thee evill for good, and under pretence of friendship being thy crueller foe, hath deprived thee of all these, and many more infinite good things.

This enemy (under favour) is thy unhappy and miserable flesh, yet very much beloved, and pleasant unto thee. This when thou hast pampered thou hast raised against thee, thy worst enemy. This when thou hast honoured, thou hast armed against thy self the cruellest adversary. This when thou hast adorned with various

and

and pretious Garments, thou haſt robbed thy ſelf of all internall ornaments, knowing not what bleſſed Saint *Gregorie* ſaith in his *Homilies*. From whence, ſaith he, the fleſh for a time lives ſweetly, from thence the ſpirit for ever ſhal be tormented, lament and bewaile. And contrarily: by how much the more the fleſh is oppreſſed, by ſo much the more, the ſpirit rejoyceth in Heavenly hope. Wherefore for ſo great an injurie offered to us by thee, I am not able to contraine my ſelf any longer, but will reprove ſo great an evill, hitherto in ſilence dangerouſly paſſed over. I know ſaith Saint *Bernard*, a certaine one, who for many years hath lived with thee, hath ſate with thee at Table,

Table, hath received meat from thy hand, and hath slept in thy bosome, when she pleased hath had discourse with thee, this one, by Hereditary right is thy own servant, but becauſe thou haſt too delicately fed her, and haſt ſpared the Rod, ſhe hath lifted up her heel againſt thee and deſpiſed thee, & brought thee into ſervitude. And he further addeth; O miſerable ſoule and to be pitied who ſhall deliver thee from the bond of this diſgrace? Let God ariſe, and let the armed fall, and let the enemy be bruiſed.

This enemy I ſay, is the contemner of God, the friend of the World, the worſhipper of Satan. What thinkeſt thou of her, if rightly thou con-

conjectureſt, I beleive thou wilt ſay with me. Shee is guilty of death, let her be crucified. Do not therefore diſſemble, do not defer, do not ſpare: crucifie her, crucifie her. But on what Croſs, on the Croſſe of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, in which there is our health, life and reſurrection.

Call to mind therefore, O my ſoule, thy firſt beginnings, conſider that thou art marked with the Jmage of God, adorned with his ſimilitude, eſpouſed by faith, endowed with hope, pre-elected by Charity, redeemed with his blood, partaker of grace, capable of Beatitude, what haſt thou to do with fleſh, that thou ſuffereſt theſe things? if thou diligently

ly weigh its Condition, thou haſt never ſeen a viler dung-hill.

If thou wouldeſt number its miſeries, how it is laden with ſinnes, itching with Concupiſcences buſied with paſſions, pollured with illuſions, full of confuſion, and replete with ignominie, what other thing haſt thou of it, but obſcene and unclcane thoughts? *Theſe Saint Bern.*

O divine ſoule, which art from Heaven, bluſh to be transformed into the ſimilitude of a Swine, bluſh to wallow in the Mire. The ſame Author on the *Canticles.* O my ſoule, ſo long as thou art in the fleſh, thou art converſant among thornes, and it is neceſſary that thou greivouſly ſuffer the troubles of

temp-

temptations and the stinge of resistance. Wherefore it is said to thee: in the *Canticles.* As the Lillie among Thornes: so is my beloved among the Daughters. O faire Lillie, O tender and delicate flower, unbeleivers and subverters are with thee and thou hast thy habitation with Scorpions: See therefore how warily it behoveth thee to walk among thorns.

The flesh and the World, are full of thornes; to walk among these and not to be hurt is of divine grace, and not of humane power. These Saint *Bernard.*

And there is another strong and cruell enemy, which by his wonderfull craft disloveth the Customes of all, bregtheth cares, searcheth the

the affections, and there alwayes seeketh cause to hurt, where he shall observe any one more studiously, to be busied. For this old Serpent being an enemy of mankind, hath known from the beginning, to whom he may insinuate the inticements of gluttony, to whom he may poure in the poison of Envy, to whom he may lay the baits of faire perswasions unto luxurie, to whom he may promise the vaine allurements of Pride, he knoweth whom he may oppresse with feare, whom he may deceive with joy, whom he may seduce with admiration.

He hath also some obliged unto him whose Wit and Language he maketh use of to the deceiving of others.

O Soule fraile to reſiſt, eaſie to fall, difficult to riſe, how ſhalt thou be able to eſcape the ſnares of this cruell adverſary, whom thou knoweſt to be endowed with ſo many ſubtilties.

SOVLE.

NOw I ſee, now I firſt perceive, that as Saint *Anſelme* ſaith, it is the Cuſtome of ſinne, which is not eaſily known of him, who is preſſed therewith, but preſently when any one ſhall begin to alienate himſelfe from it, then at laſt he knoweth in how great obſcenity and pollution he hath continued. Therefore becauſe I now ſomewhat begin to alienate my ſelfe from ſinne, and thereby I come to acknowledge

knowledge my ſelfe and my ſinne, I am not further able to containe my ſelfe from lamentation.

O Lord my God thou haſt impreſſed in me thy moſt lovely image, and I have deformed it with a moſt hatefull Diabolicall ſimilitude. Alas! alas! miſerable man that I have imprinted the Image of the Devill on the Image of God, why have I not hated the imitation of him, whoſe name I do abhorre? He hath fallen of his own accord, I willingly have gone aſtray. He with the bare puniſhment preceding proudly hath ſinned, I having ſeen his puniſhment (contemning it) have ſinned. He was once created in Innocency, I often times have

been restored. He hath raised himselfe against him that made him, I have raised my self against him that hath made me a new. He hath forsaken God, that permitted him to fall, but I have fled from that God, that sought after me. He remaineth in malice, being reprobated of God, I runne from God, that mercifully recalleth me, and though both of us be against God, yet he is against him, that doth not seek him, but I am against him that dyed for me. Behold him whose Image I abhorred, when as I may find my selfe in many things far more horrible.

MAN.

MAN.

FLy, Fly from me O horrible ſubſtance, fly from thy ſelfe, being terrified of thy ſelfe. Thou ſhouteſt not therefore without ſorrow of thy heart, endure thy horror. If thou doſt endure, thou knoweſt not thy ſelfe, This is not fortitude but dulneſſe of underſtanding: this is not health but an obdurate wickedneſſe.

SOVLE.

IF I ſhould ſee my ſelfe, it is an intollerable loathing: if I ſhould not ſee my ſelfe, it is an inevitable death: O how unhappy he is, that is horrible to him ſelfe: but yet

he is much more unhappy, who is sensible of death Eternall, O most meek Father, O most clement King. I am not able to hide, I cannot excuse, and yet I do not a little blush to confesse, Now I perceive the Cause of so many Evills, now I acknowledge what heretofore evilly lay secret.

Saint Anselme in his prayers.

Saint Ber. in his Meditations.

For my miserable heart so long as it hath not cared for the joy to come, not hath fought after divine Councell hath been far estranged from it selfe, and busied in the love of earthly things, and as long as it hath departed from those, and

and is involved in these, Vanity hath deceived it, Lvxurie hath defiled it, curiosity hath withdrawn it: Envy tormented it, Anger did vex it, Covetousnesse separated it, Sloth did make it sorrowfull, and thus it was overwhelmed with all vices: because it hath forsaken thee our only good, which was able to have satisfied it.

Let therefore O most mercifull God, all my time evilly spent be forgotten of thee, and grant that the residue of my time, perhaps too short, and momentary, may be to thee well pleasing, to mee fruitfull, and to my Neighbour Edification.

Now O most holy God, for the greatnesse of the losse which I unhappy and misera-

rable have miſerably incurred, I ſee and acknowledge that I am not able ſufficiently to bewaile my ſelfe, and my ſinne as I have deſerved; ſeeing the deteſtation of ſin, not unworthily ought to be as great, as the delight was in our miſerable will.

MAN.

O My Soule, if of thy ſelfe, as thou affirmeſt thou art nor able, neither ſufficient to lament thy fault, it is neceſſary for thee to addreſſe thy ſelfe to the Sonn of God thy Saviour, doſt thou not know thou haſt through him him a ſecure acceſs to God the Father? Thy Saviour doth ſhew his ſide and wounds to his Father. Thinkeſt thou that

that there ſhall be any repulſe, where there is ſuch an advocate. In all dangers therefore & diſtreſſes, and alſo in doubtfull things, think on God.

Let him not retire from thy heart, let him not depart from thy mouth. Following him thou canſt not ſtray. Imploring him thou canſt not deſpaire. Holding him, thou canſt not fall, he protecting, thou needeſt not feare, he being thy guid, thou canſt not be faint, if he be propitious, thou ſhalt have pardon.

Doubt not O my ſoule, and though thou haſt offended the Father and the Son both, yet both are merciſull, both moſt holy. Let the

Saint Anſelm.

guilty therefore flye from the anger of the just God to the mercy of his sonne and say, O Son of God, which art become the sonne of man that thou mayest satisfie for the sin of man, either have mercy on me a wicked sinner or shew me one more mercifull to whom I miserable soul may address my self.

SOVLE.

O Man, how cordiall thy councell is, how comfortable thy speech is to me a miserable soule! because when I rightly look unto my sinne, then I find, then I know that I have stained the Elements by my sinnes, defiled the Heavens, darkened the Starres thereof, tormented

ted the damned in Hell, troubled the Saints in Heaven, irreverently used the Angels ordained for my custody. Wherefore I feare to seek help from all these. And because the just have justly disdained me, I do not presume to fly unto them.

MAN.

O My Soule, too great is thy feare, although thy humiliation be acceptable. Knowest thou not that many of the Saints have sinned, who have learned in their great offences, how they ought to have pitty on us sinners? Reflect on *Moses* that exceeding great Prophet, doubting of the divine power. Think on *David* the holyest

holiest of Kings; sinning against the Divine Law in Adultery and Murther. Remember *Salomon* the wisest, adoring vaine and most wicked Idolls. Call to mind *Manasses* the wickedst King who had sinned more then all the Kings of *Israel* who said, I have sinned above the number of the sand of the Sea, and I am not worthy to see the height of Heaven, in respect of the multitude of my Iniquities, reflect alwayes on these obtaining Pardon. But to what end shall I say more of the Saints of the old Testament.

Consider now & reflect on a few of the Saints of the new Testament. Look upon the *Matthew* sitting in the Custom House, the Publican sinner,

and

and received to be a Disciple: Look upon *Paul* stoning *Stephen* and chosen to be an Apostle. Look upon *Peter*, denying Christ, and by & by obtaining pardon. Look upon the *Souldier* crucifying Christ, and yet not despairing of the divine mercy. Look upon the Theef hanging on the Crosse, and obtaining pardon. Last of all, consider O my soule, that that famous & unclean sinner *Mary Magdalen* becomming so singular and speciall a lover of Christ. For all how many soever they be which now raign with God, have in times past either sinned like us, or at least they might have sinned, if the divine clemency had not preserved them from sinne. *Because*

to whom soever it was granted, that he could not at all sinne, this was not of nature, but of Heavenly Grace.

SOVLE.

EVen now I securely implore the *Prophets and Kings, even now I boldly call upon the Apostles and Martyrs: I constantly mediate the* most blessed Sonne of God. For I know that he is so Holy, sweet and favourable, that he cannot be named but hee inflames, nor thought upon, but he recreates the affection of them that love him. For this is he that hath procured Health for all, and hath obtained reparation of the whole world.

These St. Bern.

O

O God my Saviour wonderfully singular, and singularly wonderfull, by whom the Elements are renewed, the infirme are healed, men are saved and Angels are restored! O my Redeemer, from whose abundance of plenitude sprinkled about, every Creature is revived. O blessed fountaine of Life and Health, by thee we have access to the through Grace, and by thee even God himselfe doth receive us: who hath given thee to us. Let thy integrity excuse the fault of our Corruption, to him let thy humility, obtaine pardon for our vanity, give us of thy grace here, and vouchsafe to make us partakers of thy glory hereafter. *Saint Anselme*

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

How the Soule is reformed by Grace.

EVen now, as I think, O my soule, in some sort thou hast converted the beames of thy contemplation to perceive, how the soule is informed by nature, and how deformed by sinne: now convert thy mind, as I hope, cleansed from filth by contrition, to behold, how thou art reformed by Grace. Yet thou oughtest to know, by how much the more perfect the darknesse of thy understand

ſtanding is wiped away by the bath of contrition, by ſo much the clearer the benefit of divine reparation is beheld.

For (according to Saint *Auguſtine*) ſinne is a darkneſs whereby the underſtanding is dulled, and the whole inferiour man is overclouded. Wherefore it is neceſſary that by ſo much more carefully the mentall Eyes are to be continually cleanſed from the darkneſs of ſin, by the teares of compunction, by how much the more the light of contemplation is darkened thereby.

Therefore now, O my ſoule, being purified in thy affections, direct the light of contemplation to behold, how by the profound clemency of God

God, how by the high wisdome of God, how by the wonderfull power of God, thou art reformed by Grace.

First consider, how by the benefit of Redemption, he hath freed thee from originall sinne, knowest thou not that by originall sinne, thou wert robbed of all naturall and spirituall guifts, brought into subjection by the power of the Prince of Darknesse, repulsed and exiled from thy Country?

But (according to Saint *Bern.*) that singular and excellent Majesty, would dye, that we might live, serve that we might raigne, be banished, that we might be restored to our Country, and he hath subjected himsele to all base works, that he might

place

place us above all his works. For the sonne of man came to seek and save what had been lost, I say, that he might humble thee being proud.

For this the only Son of God, hath taken upon him our infirmity, for this he being invisible, hath made himselfe not only visible, but also hath appeared despised, for this he hath suffered scornefull reproches, contemptible derisions, tormenting passions, that he an humble God might teach man that he ought not to be proud. God hath despised all earthly Goods, that he might shew us how to contemne all ours, he hath sustained all earthly

St. Greg. in his Register.

Saint Augustine.

earthly evills, that he might teach us how to beare them; so that Felicity ought not to be sought in the one, nor Adversity be feared in the other.

Saint Aug.

Secondly he came, that he might reconcile thee to his Father. When thou wert an enemy to the Father I have reconciled thee, when thou wert afarre of, I came that I might reduce thee, when thou wanderdst among Mountains and desarts, I have sought thee. Amongst Rocks and Woods I found thee, upon my Shoulders I have carryed thee, I have restored thee to my Father, I have laboured, I have swet, I have exposed my head to Thornes, my hands to Nailes, I have suffered my

side

side to be opened with a launce, I have poured out my blood for thee, and I have been torne in peeces with all these (I will not say) Injuries, but Austerities, yet alas through sinne, thou seperatest thy self from mee.

Thirdly he came, that being sould, he might redeeme thee. *Saint Aug.*

Let us admire, give thanks, love, praise, adore. because we are called by the death of our Redeemer, from death to life, from darkness to light, from exile to our Country, from Corruption to incorruption, from misery to Glory, from lamentation to joy. O wonderfull and unheard of mixture! he that is the Creator, is become a Creature *St. Gr. Nazianzen*

Creature, he that is Immenſe is apprehended, he that is rich towards all men is become poore. He hath taken the forme of my fleſh, that he might repaire the Image which he had made, that he might endow mortall fleſh with immortality.

A wake now O my ſoule, look upon the face of thy Saviour. Behold that face in times paſt full of light with very much ſplendor, now veiled for thee, contrary to Charity. Beautifull with comelyneſs now ſwolne, contrary to comelineſs: eſteemed for ſweetneſs, now ſpit upon, contrary to favour, deſireable for love, now made abominable, contrary to deſire.

See now, O my Soule, and diligent-

diligently consider the strange and unheard of wonders our Lord hath done upon earth. God is mocked that thou mayest be honoured, the Innocent is whipped, that thou mayst be comforted, the just is crucified, that thou mayest be freed, the Immaculat Lamb is slain that thou mayest banquet; Blood and Water are launced from his side that thou mayest drink, &c.

Look therefore into the price of thy Redemption appeasing the offence of prevarication. Behold the example of Information, giving help of sanctification. *Behold the aide of protection, laying open the Gate of Imprisonment receive the reward of retribution bringing the grace of Justification.* Be-

Behold O Soule too delicate, by continuall contemplating, and do by perfectly imitating according to the example of consummated Iustice, that which is shewed thee in the Mountaine, that is to say, in the most victorious passion of Christ.

Dost thou not consider that thou art puft up with corporall delights, and Christ thy Lord, thy King thy spouse, thy Master and Friend is afflicted with all kind of pains, in every part of his Senses, by all sorts of men? The King mocked him, the chief Ruler Iudged him, the Descisple sold him, the Apostles left him, the chefe Priests, Scribes, and Pharisees delivered him, the Gentiles whipped him, the rabble

rout

rout and common People, condemned him, the Souldiers crucified him. *Saint Bern.*

That head feared by Angelicall ſpirits is Crowned with Thorns, that face more beautifull then the ſonnes of men, is ſpit upon by the Jewes: Thoſe Eyes clearer then the Sunne wax dimme in death: Thoſe Ears which heare Heavenly Hymnes, heare the outragious inſultings of ſinners. That mouth which inſtructeth Angels is moyſtned with Vinegar and Gall; Thoſe Feet, whoſe footſtoole is adored, (becauſe it is holy) are faſtened to the Croſs: Thoſe hands that have framed the Heavens are extended on the Croſs, and faſtened with Nailes, his bo-

dy is beaten, his side opened with a launce. And what more? There remained not in him any thing free., but only his Tongue that he might pray for sinners, and commend his Mother to his Disciple. *These Saint Bern.*

And what more? O faithfull soule our Saviour with none of these intisements, of his adverse Enemies could be withdrawn from the care of our Salvation. But by how much the more his *Æmulation* is shown: by so much, if we despise this, the more grievous damnation follows us.

SOULE.

O Man I have been long silent, because those things which thou hast proposed, both with joy and griefe I have received with a devout mind: Rejoycing therefore I will rejoyce in our Lord, because he hath loved me so much, that he spared not his only begotten Son for me. O inestimable love of Charity thou hast delivered thy Son, that thou mightest redeem a hand-maid, and yet not worthy the name of a hand-maid.

O Lord Jesus Christ, who for me hast not spared thy selfe, so vulnerate my heart, and so Inebriate my mind with thy blood, that what way

soever I shall turne my selfe, I alwayes may behold thee Crucified, and whatsoever I shall look upon may appeare to me ruddy with thy blood: that so I may wholly intend thee, that I might not find any thing beside thee, nor behold any thing but thy wounds. This is my comfort, I have crucified my self, O Lord, with thee: and let it be to me intimate affliction to mediate upon any thing except thee. There is no Affection greater no charity more sincere, no love stronger, the Innocent hath dyed for me, finding nothing in me, that he might love. But alas! as often as I consider this wonderfull favour of divine

Hugo de Sancto Victore

vine Piety towards us, I am not a little confounded and ashamed of my too much Ingratitude.

MAN.

Hugo de Arrha Animæ:

O My Soule thou hast forsaken thy Spouse, thou hast prostituted thy love, and hast not given thanks for these great benefits: yet that he might release thee from thence, whence thou hadst falne, he hath pleased to descend and piously to suffer, that which thou didst endure. Think therefore how much he loved thee, which by no way but by dying would free thee from death.

Wherefore, O my soule, by how much the more worthy

thou knoweſt the benefits of thy Redeemer are, by ſo much the ſinnes of thy Ingratitude are the worſe: See therefore that thou be not ingratefull on whom ſo many benefits are beſtowed: for the ſinne of Ingratitude is very great, becauſe (according to Saint *Bern.*) Ingratitude is as it were a burning Wind, drying up the Rivers of divine mercy, the fountaine of clemency, the torrents of Grace.

Conſider therefore, O my Soule, often ponder and revolve in thy mind the horrible ſentence which is pronounced againſt ingratefull perſons in the Perſon of our Saviour, ſaying. O Soule ſee how great things I ſuffer for thee, I call unto thee, who

who dye for thee; See the paines wherewith I am tormented: See the Nailes wherewith I am pierced, heare the reproaches wherewith I am confounded. But although the externall griefe is great, yet the Internall torment is far greater, when I find thee so ingratefull, and else where. It is inveighed against Et alibi ingratefull men Bernard. in the person of Christ saying. O my people what have I done unto thee, or in what have I molested thee, answer me? What is the cause thou wouldest rather obey my Enemy then me? Consider that I am he, who have created thee: I have enriched thee with all good things; if these be ac-

counted but little to ingrate-full persons, yet I have re-deemed thee with my most precious blood. Ah! O my soule, let not these things depart from thy heart, slip from thy mouth, always render thanks, never cease to blesse, and magnifie the only begotten Sonne of God for these his great benefits. Let thy dearly beloved be for all these benefits sometime to thee a Bundell of Myrrhe in thy heart, sometime joy in thy mind, praise in thy mouth, Melody in thy Eare.

SOULE.

NOw I am not able longer to containe my self, tell I pray thee; what shall

I render our Lord for all that he hath bestowed on me?

MAN.

O My Soule, as St. *Bern.* saith, thou owest to him thy whole life, and not unworthily, because he laid down his own life for thee, and hath sustained cruell torments that thou mightest not endure eternall punishment. *In his Meditations.*

What therefore can seeme hard unto thee, when thou shalt call to mind, that he that is comely, in the favour of God would be crucified for thee? O how undue a pitty, how free a favour, how unlooked for a Charity, how wonderfull a sweetnes is it!

that the King of Glory should dye, and be crucified for a most despicable worme. O how sweet a friend, how strong a helper, how wise a reconciler is this.

SOVLE.

O Man, I confesse and truely acknowledge if I had the lives of all the Sons of *Adam* in me, all the dayes of an Age, the endeavours of all men that are, have been or shall be, it were nothing in comparison of that, which my Spouse hath sustained for me which the Son of God hath suffered for my sinnes. When as therefore I shall give all that I am; and whatsoever I am able, it will not be as a starr to the Sun, as a drop to an

as Ocean, or as dust to a Mountaine?

MAN.

O My Soule, because I now begin to consider that (the Eye of Contemplation being more perspicuous) thou acknowledgest the Grace of divine redemption, whereby thy Spouse hath delivered thee from originall sinne; yet a little now I will begin to speak for my God, and show thee to that heap of divine mercy whereby thou art freed from actuall sinne also.

Convert therefore the light of Contemplation, unto the benefit of justification and consider the favour of thy Lord, how paternally by secret

ſecret inſpiration he hath recalled thee from ſinne, how ſweetly and how lovingly he hath recalled thee, comforting thee by internall communication, ſaying, Return, Return, O *Shunamite* (that is) O ſoule by ſinne miſerably infected, captivated or mortified. Returne, ſaith hee, O Soule to mee, I am thy Creator, returne, I am thy Redeemer. Returne, I am thy Comforter: And if theſe ſeem but little, returne laſt of all, becauſe I am thy very liberall rewarder: Returne therefore to me, I am hee, that have ſo nobly created thee. Returne I am he, who ſo mercifully by my moſt bitter death have delivered thee from eternall damnation. Return to mee, I am he that

ſo

so manifoldly have enriched thee with spirituall and corporall good things. Returne at last to me, O soule, I am he, who so liberally have now rewarded thee, by prepared felicity. Returne, saith hee, from the sin of thought. Returne from the sinne of Speech. Returne from the sinne of Action. Return from the sinne of Custome. Returne to me, O Soule, the Saints with great desire expect thee, and at thy comming the Angels rejoyce. Return, Jesus Christ calls thee with hands extended on the Crosse Returne the Abiss of the whole Trinity wait for thy returne; O Soule, if thou well remembrest this is the voice of thy welbeloved inviting thee.

Con-

Consider now, how great hath been the longanimity of him expecting thee. O what a long time he hath expected thy comming, alas what a time hath he suffered thee, in thy sinnes! O how many, and for what hath he damned for their sinnes before thy conversion, yet mercifully hath he expected thee alwayes sinning. Returne yet O Soule, Christ expecting thee on the Crosse, hath his head inclined to kiss thee a sinner, and uncleane: hath his Armes stretched forth to embrace thee, his hands open to forgive thee, his body extended wholly to bestow himselfe upon thee, his feet fastened to remain with thee, his side opened to suffer thee to enter therein. Be there-

fore

fore now O my soule a Dove nesting in the crevices of the Rock, flye into the hollowness of his hands, flye into the wounds of his feet, flye into his side, there is thy rest, there is thy security. *These Saint Bern.*

O my soule, if thou couldest worthily think, how many & what sort in comparison of thee are rejected, which have not deserved to attaine unto that Grace given thee. Therefore thy Spouse hath elected and preelected thee, he hath chosen thee in all, he hath taken thee from all, he loved the before all. *Hugo de S.V.*

Art thou ignorant how foul thou were before, how polluted and dissolute thou remainest

maindeſt before? He hath waſhed thee with the water of Regeneration, he hath fed thee with the food of his moſt ſweet body. He hath clothed thee with the Garments of Vertue, wherewith thou mighteſt cover and adorne thy nakedneſſe. He hath beſtowed on thee the ſweet ſmelling Odours of good works, whereby thou mighteſt eſchew the ſtench of ſinne: he hath given thee a mirrour, even the Scripture wherein thou mighteſt ſee thy ſelfe: *Thus farre Hugo.*

O my ſoule, thou haſt ſeen the longanimity of him. Expecting thee. Even now convert the light of thy contemplation to the mercy of him juſtifying thee. Think diligently from whence after all

theſe

these things is this so inestimable a favour, that thou deservest to be his Bride, on whom the Angels desire to look.

What therefore wilt thou give unto our Lord for all these things which he hath given thee? For he hath given thee by Grace, that thou mayest be a Companion of his Table, a companion of his Kingdome, a companion of his Bed. See with what Armes he is to be embraced of thee, with what lipps he is to be kissed, who hath esteemed thee at such a rate, that he would cleanse thee with his blood, and for thee take upon him the sleep of death.

SOULE.

I Confess now and acknowledge, I approve and understand that I have received much more then these from my God, but that I have repayed for all these nothing worthy so great benefits.

Wherefore Saint *Bernard* saith; I will sing the mercies of our Lord for ever, for that I consider six mercyes done unto me.

1. That he hath preserved me from many sinnes.

2. That he hath not presently condemned me sinning, but I prolonging my iniquity he hath prolonged his Piety and Compassion.

3. He hath changed my heart, that those things might be sweet unto me which formerly were bitter.

4. That he hath mercifully received me repenting.

5. That he hath given me ability to forbeare and amend.

6. That he hath given me hope to that I shall be pardoned.

Tell me now, O man, concerning this divine clemency, what I shall render to our Lord for all these things, least I be found unworthy to receive, if I shall be found ingratefull for those that are received? What therefore shall I render to our Lord, but that I shal love and give thanks, confess and sing

prayses

prayses to his eternall and blessed name? because he is so ready to forgive me my evills, and bestow upon me such inestimable good things: I attribute it to his grace, that he dissolves my sinnes like Ice, I attribute it to his grace, what evills soever I have not committed, and therefore I count all things to be forgiven me, whatsoever he being my guide, were not committed by me. *Saint Aug. in his book of Confessions.*

MAN.

O My soule, know that whatsoever thy beloved hath bestowed on thee, whatsoever he hath sustained for thee, he hath consumated the whole in perpetuall charity, where-

wherewith he hath loved thee, wherefore as I think, whatsoever is given of love only, is repayed neither better, not more decently then by love.

SOVLE.

BEhold, O Lord my God, if these things be so, how much ought I unhappily and miserable soule love my God, who hath created me, when I was not, hath redemed when I should have perished; and hath delivered me from many dangers: when I did wander he reduced me, when I was ignorant, he taught me, when I sinned he corrected me, when I was sad he comforted me, when I stood, he held me, when I fell, he lifted me up, when I went,

he

he led me, when I came, he received me

These and many other things, God hath done for me; of which it shall be pleasant unto me alwayes to speak, alwayes to think, alwayes to give thanks. God grant that I may be able to laud and love him for all his benefits. For truly (according to the Author of the Spirit and Soule) he governeth all things, he filleth all places, he is every where present, taking care of all, and providing as well for every one in particular, as for all, yet so I see him wholly employed for my custody, as though he had forgotten all, and would have care of me only. For thus he doth exhibit himself present unto me

he

he alwayes offers himselfe prepared, if he find me ready, that whensoever I turne my selfe, he will not forsake me, unlesse I first forsake him. Neither have I wherewith to repay him for all these, but only that I love him:

O good Iesu, how often after immense and innumerable tears, how often after divers sobs and groans hast thou annointed me being wounded, and almost at the point of despairing, with the unction of thy mercy, and hast gladly received me almost altogether fainting, nor yet hast thou forsaken me, presuming of pardon. But above all these O Good Iesu, the Cup of thy passion, which thou hast drunk, being

the work of our Redemption, which thou haſt undertaken, not unworthily doth render thee Amiable unto me.

For this is that which chalengeth to it ſelfe all my love, this is it, which more fairely allureth, more juſtly bindeth, and more vehemently moveth my devotion. For where thou haſt humiliated thy ſelfe, where thou haſt put from thee thy naturall brightneſſe, there Charity hath more appeared, and Grace hath more amply ſhined.

In the Canticles. I charge you (ſaith the Soule) O yee Daughters of *Hieruſalem*, if ye find my beloved, that ye tell him, that I am ſick of love. The Soule doth not

not hyde whom she loveth, because she beleeveth him present to all whom she doth not let passe from her thoughts. I love thee O Lord, and love is impatient, which cannot be pacified with teats, untill that be granted unto it, which it is in love withall. Nothing comforteth its sorrow, so long as it beholdeth not, what it desireth.

SOULE.

But whether or no, O Man, is he held to love God, who rejoyceth that he in no wise hath committed such things, as I have committed?

MAN.

O My Soule, let not any one ſcorne thee, it is convenient that the ſick be cured of him, from whom it is appointed that he ſhould not be ſick, or perhaps that he might more cautiouſly avoyde greater troubles. And therefore even ſo much, yea truly the more let him love God: becauſe by whom hee perceiveth me, to be deprived of ſo great paines of my ſinnes, by him he perceiveth himſelfe not to be entangled with ſo great griefs. *Sancti Auguſtine libro Confeſſionum.*

St. *Hierome.* Although without the love of Charity, every one may rightly believe, yet he cannot attaine unto *Beatitude*: becauſe

eause such is the force of Charity that even Prophesie and Marytrdome without it, are esteemed as nothing, no Vertue can Equall Charity, For Charity obtaineth the Extellency of all Vertues.

O my God, give thy selfe unto me, Render Thy selfe unto me, I love thee, and if that be too little, I will love more forcibly. I am not able to limit, that I might know how much I want of thy love, to that which is sufficient, that my life might runne into thy embraces, and not to divert untill it were hidden in the secrets of thy Countenance. This I only know, that whatsoever I have without thee, and all plenty

which is not my God, is poverty.

SOULE.

NOw therefore O Man, seeing as thou sayest I ought to love my beloved Lover for all these things, tell me, I pray thee, how much and in what manner I may love him, to the end I may repay the multiplicity of his so great an Affection?

MAN.

St. Bern. OMy Soule, although (according to Saint Bern.) the cause of loving God, be God himselfe, yet the method to love him, is to love him with-

without method, notwithstanding we can find, by the Revelation of holy Scripture a certaine method. For he that hath given thee love, hath shewed thee a manner how to love, saying. Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, with all thy soule, and withall thy strength. Love therefore, O my soule, with a singular love God the Father, who hath so nobly created thee of nothing. Love God the Sonne, who so inestimably hath reformed thee in dying for thee. Love God the Holy Ghost who so mercifully, and so sweetly by often comforting thee, hath preserved thee from sinne, and hath strengthened thee in Good. Love therefore God the Fa-

ther valiantly, that thou mayest not be dangerously overcome by any other strange love. Love God the Sonne wisely, that thou mayest not be craftily seduced by any other love: Love God the Holy Ghost sweetly, that thou mayst not be poysonously infected with any other strange love. Or thus (according to Saint Bern.) Learn of Christ, O Christian soule, in what manner thou oughtest to love Christ. Love sweetly, wisely and valiantly. Sweetly; That all other love may be base to thee in respect of his love, and let him only be to thee Honey in thy mouth, melody in thy Eare, and Jubilee in thy heart. Love him wisely, that thy love may continually

ally borne in him only and in no other. Love valiantly that thy frailty may joyfully undergo all sharp and bitter torments for him, that thou mayest say, My suffering is scarce the space of an houre, or if it were more I feel it not, for the love I owe him. *These Saint Bern.*

Thus let a Christian *Saint* by love towards *Hiero.* Christ continually resolve, that he may willingly endure all things for him, until he shall come unto him. Let us love Christ and alwayes seek to cleave fast to his embraces, and every thing shall seem easie that is difficult. *Saint Ambrose.* O my soule alwayes keep in thy mind, how sweetly Christ loved thee in his

Incarnation, how wisely in his Conversation, and how valiantly in his Passion. There is no love greater no Charity more sincere, no Affection stronger; the Innocent hath dyed for thee, finding nothing in thee that he might love.

SOUL.

TEll me, I pray thee, O man, under favour, I ask not out of curiosity, but of humility, not of presumption but rather of Devotion: what is it that I love when I love my God *Hugo de S.V.*

MAN.

MAN.

O My soule, if thy Question were presumptuous then it were too vitious, but because it hath it originall from devotion, it deserveth a devout answer.

Heare therefore, what that great Lover of God, Saint *Augustine* saith. When I love my God saith he, I love not a form or comelinesse, not time not the Candor of that light, which is lovely in sight, nor sweet Melodies, nor unguents fragrantly senting, nor Manna, nor Honey, nor bodyes acceptable to the Embraces of the flesh. These things I love not when I love God. But what do I love?

In his Book of Confessions.

I love a certaine light, a certaine voice, a certaine odour, a certaine food, a certaine Embracing of my inner man. Where there is something shyneth to my soule, which no place can comprehend, where there is something soundeth, which time is not capable of, where there is something casteth an odour which a blast cannot disperse, where there is something savours, which Appetite cannot diminish: where there is something cleaveth fast, which saciety cannot pull away.

SOVLE.

TEll, I pray thee, O man, yet a little of the vertue of Charity, which being known

known the mind may more strongly be enflamed in the love of God.

MAN.

TRuely O my Soule, the fruit of Charity is great but hidden. For (according to Saint *Augustine*) it endureth adversity, it mitigateth prosperity; it is strong in hard sufferings, pleasant in good works, most safe in temptation, most liberall in Hospitality, amongst true friends most mercy, amongst false most patient. It is secure among reproches, liberall to them that hate it, pleasant in time of Anger, innocent among treacheries, weeping at iniquity, taking comfort in truth, &c. &c. in praise of Charity.

O

Saint Bern. O happy love from whence ariseth strength of Manners, purity of affections, subtilty of understanding, sanctity of desires, clearnesse of works fruitfullnesse of Vertues, dignity of merits, sublimity and height of rewards and honours. O sweetnesse of love, O the happy love of sweetnesse, let my heart feed on thee, and let the bowells of my soule be repleniſhed with thy Nectar. O my soule, how sweet is the food of Charity, which refresheth the weary, strengtheneth the weak, and exhilerateth the sorrowfull. For it maketh the yoak of truth sweet and his burden light: I confesse O Lord, I have not sustained the weight and heat of

the

the day, but I carry a ſweet yoak and a light burden. For my work is ſcarce the ſpace of an houre, and were it more, I perceive it not in reſpect of thy love. But what is more? O my ſoule ſuch is the force of love, that it is neceſſary thou be like unto that which thou loveſt, and to whom thou art joyned by affection: in ſome ſort by the ſociety of love thou ſhalt be transformed into its ſimilitude.

The end of the firſt part.

The

The Second Exercise:

How the Soule by mentall Exercise, ought to convert her contemplation to things that are externall, that she may know.

1. *How unstable worldly wealth is.*
2. *How mutable worldly Excellency is, &c.*
3. *How miserable worldly Magnificence is.*

CHAP. I.

How unstable worldly wealth is.

SOULE.

NOw I see, how miserable every soule is, setting her

her heart on worldly things, which are attained with labour, possessed with feare, lost with griefe. But blessed is hee that loveth thee O Lord, and an enemy for thee, and a friend in thee: for he only looseth no deare friend, to whom all are deare in thee; for no man looseth thee, but he that forsakes thee, and he that departeth from thee, whither goes he, but from thee, being pleased to thee being angrie? *These Saint Aug.*

O Charity which alwayes burnest, and are never extinguished, My God who art Charity it selfe inflame mee. Thou commandest that I should love thee, give me what thou commandest, and command what thou pleasest.

Thou

Thou commandeſt truely that I ſhould containe my ſelfe from the concupiſcence of the fleſh, from the concupiſcence of the Eyes, and from the Ambition of the World.

He loveth thee leſs O Lord, which loveth any thing with thee, which he loveth not for thee. O man let us (alwayes) love Chriſt, and let us ever ſeek to cleave to his embraces, and every difficult thing will ſeeme eaſie.

St. Aug.
St. Hier.

MAN.

O My ſoule, now I perceive that thou acknowledgſt how happy and how bleſſed he is, who is wholly fixt

fixt by love in the only desire of eternity, who is puffed up neither with prosperity, nor is danted with Adversity, and while he hath nothing in this world, that he loveth; hath likewise nothing therein that he feareth. Convert therefore now O my Soule, thy contemplation to those things which are without thee, that is to to this sensible world, that thou mayest despise both it, and those things that are therein, so that it being despised, thou mayst be more inflamed with the love of thy Spouse. For thou lovest him the lesse, if thou desirest any thing with him, which thou lovest not for him, and in him. For by

These S. Greg. in his Morralls.

so

so much (according to Saint Gregory) every one is separated from the supernall love, by how much he is delighted with any thing below him and he is sooner converted to God, who hath not any thing in this World, wherewith he may be delighted.

According to the Gloss on Exodus St. Aug.

And every one By so much is separated from the love of earthly things, by how much he is elevated to the only love of the eternall. Let all other creatures therefore be of small esteem unto thee, that thy Creatour only may be sweet in thy heart.

Weigh therefore and alwayes consider not only by heare-say, but by experience,

not

not only by relation, but also by Action, how unstable worldly wealth is, how mutable worldly excellency is, how false and deceitfull worldly glory is. For every thing that is here eminent, is more enthralled with sorrow, then it can be delighted with honour. *Saint Bern.* Behold the lovers of this World walk about the affairs thereof, some seeking riches, other honours, others Glory: But what shall I speak of Riches which are gotten with labour, possessed with feare, lost with griefe? Or what shall I say of honour? Thou art seated in a high place, but whether or no shall thou not be judged of all, yea tormented of all? whether or no can any one be in honor with-

without fraud, in Prælacy without tribulation, in height without Vanity: What shall I say of Glory? It is nothing else, but a certaine vaine tickling of the Eares, and can that be without censure? Behold whom thou hast outgone, and think that thou hast given them in all things cause of Envy. So often I am like the Apostate

Saint Bern.

tatae Angell, as often as I desire to be above others. For nothing is swifter then the World and the things thereof, which when we desire to hold we loose. Thou hast seen Emperours, thou hast seen Commanders; thou hast seen Armies, Victories and Triumphs,

Saint Hiero.

umphs, yesterday they were, to day they are not, yesterday they florished as as a flower, to day they are withered as Hay, nothing therefore is good, but what is perpetuall.

SOULE.

O Man, if these things be so, what is it that miserable men do seek, whilst they desire the vanities of the World? O how much they are blinded that seek the Glory thereof. Some whilst they look upon the Glory of some eminent men, they esteem it some great thing, and wish that they may deserve the like. But when they behold them in dying, they confesse with lamentation how vaine their Glory

was

was, and say: *Behold what a nothing man is.*

MAN!

O Most deare soule, and what are all worldly things, but certaine vaine dreams, and what hath Pride, or the glorying in riches, profited their lovers. For they have all passed away like a shaddow, and like a Ship floating on the Ocean, whose tract is not to be found for they are consumed in their wickednesse. Alas how many have there been, which have left no signe of their being? Where are the Princes of the Nations, and those that ruled the beasts of the Earth? who treasured up Silver, and heaped up Gold,

who

who built Cities and Castles who have conquered Kings, and Kingdoms by Warre. Where is the wise man? where the Scribe? where the Inquisitour of this World? Where is *Salomon* the most wise? Where is *Alexander* the most puissant? Where *Samson* the most strong? Where is *Absalon* the most beautiful? Where is *Assuerus* the most glorious? Where are the the most potent *Cæsars*? Where the Kings? Where are the famous Princes? What hath vaine Glory, short mirth, the power of the world, a great Family, the pleasure of the flesh, the falsity of riches, the sweetnesse of concupiscence profited them? where is their laughter? where their joy? where

their

their glorying? where their Arrogancy? Behold the nobleneſſe of blood, the faireneſſe of Body, their elegant feature, their youthfull comelineſſe, their Poſſeſſions, their mighty Palaces, their Furniture, and add alſo the wiſedome of the World, yet all theſe things are but of the World, and the World loveth what is his own, and yet they do not long ſubſiſt therein. For the World ſhall paſſe away and the Concupiſcence thereof.

Thou therefore, if thou rightly underſtandeſt, if thou canſt rightly ſee, leave to follow ſuch things, which it is a miſery to obtaine, which poſſeſſed do burden, being loved do deble,

Saint Bern.

and

and being loſt do torment. Leave thou therefore all theſe things for him, who is above all.

Fly therefore, I ſay, fly, O my Soule to the City of Refuge, that is to a Religious life, where thou mayeſt do Pennance for ſinnes paſt, and obtaine grace for the preſent, and happily obtaine the future Glory. Let not the remembrance of thy ſinnes hinder thee, for where Iniquity hath abounded, Grace alſo is accuſtomed to Superabound. Let not the very Auſterity of penitence deter thee. For the ſufferings of this life are not ſufficient to ſatisfie for the fault paſt which is remitted, for the preſent Grace which is given; and for the future

Glory which is promised.

CHAP. II.

How mutable worldly Wealth is.

SOULE.

NOw I acknowledge the falsity and instability of the World, but I know not how I am captivated that as yet I am not able to divert my thoughts from it.

MAN.

TRuly, O my Soule, if thou wouldest diligently and prudently consider thy danger thou incurrest by living in the World, without doubt thou wouldest restrain thy mind from the Vanities thereof. For troublesome and very dangerous is this worldly conversation, because (according to Saint *Bern.*) Chastity is hazarded in delights, humility in riches, Godlinesse in much businesse, Truth in much babling CHARITY in this wicked Age. O weak and infirme Soule, which art so apt to be deceived, so prone to fall, so difficult to rise. Dost thou not know, That as

it is a hard thing to preſerve a Tree placed in the high way having faire fruit, untill they be ripe: So it is a difficult thing for a man living according to the World to maintaine Juſtice immaculate, even unto the end? *Theſe* St. *Chryſoſtome.*

St. *Aug. in a certaine Epiſtle.*

The ſnares of this World are accompanied with true auſterity, but with falſe delight, with a certaine ſorrow, but with an uncertaine pleaſure, with hard labour, but with a fearefull reſt, with a full miſery, but with no beatitude, and with a vaine hope. O my ſoule if thou wouldeſt conſider this, thou wouldeſt deſpiſe the World and all things that are therein.

And

And what is it O most dear Soule that thou loveſt? what is it that thou deſireſt, what is it that thou ſeekeſt in the World? If thou loveſt Prelacy, what other thing doſt thou but confound thy life? Doſt thou not know, that the cheifeſt honour, and a baſe mind, that the firſt ſeat and the worſt life, a Sophyſticall tongue and an idle hand, much babling and no fruit, a grave Countenance, and a light carriage, great authority and a wavering inſtability is a monſtrous thing. *Saint. Bern.*

But perhaps thou wouldeſt ſay, truly I deſire Prelacy, but I intend to live well and piouſly therein. I commend it but I ſeldome find, what I willingly would commend;

wherefore I alwayes feare that which Saint *Gregory* reciteth: The deserts of Rulers and Subjects are so linked together, that oftentimes by the fault of them that rule the Subjects lives are the worse. And oftentimes by the faults of the commonalty, the life of the Pastors may faile.

Saint. If thou seekest the wisdome of this World, O to what a danger dost thou expose thy selfe. Alas how many and what great ones hath the cursed wisdome of the World supplanted, and hath extinguished a divine spirit conceived in them, which our Lord would more vehemently have enflamed. Dost thou not know, that the

the wisdome of the World is earthly, sensuall and Diabolicall, an enemy of health, a destroyer of life, and the Mother of lust.

St. *Aug.* He that seeks health without his Saviour, and thinks that he can become wise without the true wisdom, is not sound, but sick; is not wise, but fooilsh, and he continually is involved in misery. For he that profiteth in knowledge and not in good life, is far from God as saith *Algazel*. Therefore thou that desirest to be wise, learne on Earth such wisedome as the knowledge thereof may persevere with thee in Heaven. Study here how thou mayest obtaine to that which once to have seen

is to have learned all things.

This is that eternall Truth, without which to know every thing, is but fooliſhneſſe, which only to know, is perfect knowledge. *S. Hierome.*

St. Aug. O how unhappy a man is he, that knoweth all other things and knoweth not thee.

For bleſſed is he that knoweth thee, though he be ignorant of all other things. For if he hath known both thee, and other things, he is not more happy for thoſe, but bleſſed for the knowledge of thee only.

St. Anſelme. But perhaps O my ſoule, thou loveſt worldly wealth, worldly Pompe and carnall

carnall delights, and for this only thou unwillingly leaveſt the World, yet conſider that all theſe are but fraile and tranſitory. Tell me where are the *Monarchs*? where the Princes? where thoſe Lovers formerly ſpoken of? I am afraid that moſt of them alas are utterly undone and gone to Hell. What doth Pride now profit them? what the vaunting of riches? For he that loveth the world more then God, his life better then a Cloyſter, Gluttony better then abſtinence, Luxury better then Continency, follows Satan and ſhall go with him to eternall punishment. They that floriſh with the felicity of this World, do periſh by the power of God: they *St. Aug.*

florish for a time and perish eternally, they florish with deceitfull goods, but are really tormented.

If it delight us to have anything in this World, let us with a ready will get into the favour of him, that possesseth all things, and in him we shall have whatsoever we happily and holily desire. For wealth harmeth not the rich man, if he use it well, nor doth poverty make the poore man commendable, if in his poverty he taketh not heed of the filth of sinne.

St. Aug. But yet, O my soule thou shalt find, what thou mayst object, saying. I despise the World but I am not able to forsake my friends Parents and kinred

rod. O my Soule, this objection is frivolous. This is a faithfull ſpeech and worthily to be received. Though thou ſay it is a wicked thing to deſpiſe Father or Mother, yet it is moſt holy, for the love of Chriſt. O cruell Father, O monſtrous Mother, yea not Parents but deſtroyers, who would rather have thee to periſh with them, then to raign without them. Although thy Mother with dangling Saint haire, and her *Hierome.* Garments rent, ſhow thee the Paps wherewith ſhe had brought thee up. And though thy Father lye in thy way, yet go on, with drye Eyes and flye unto the banner of the Croſſe by thy contemned Mother, and by thy

Father

Father trodden upon. It is the only signe of Piety, to have been cruell in these things. Dost thou not know O my soule, that he that hath Jesus, hath a Father and Mother, and every one a friend? why followest thou the dead, follow the living, and suffer the dead to bury their dead.

SOVLE.

NOw I perceive by thy words, O man, and I know by many experiments that the World also in it self withers, but yet alas it flourisheth in the hearts of many, who love the bitternesse thereof, following it flying, embracing it sliding away, tel me then what is the reason of so great a blindnesse.

MAN

MAN.

Saint *Hierome.* O my ſoule, art thou ignorant, that thou art created ſo delicate and ſo noble of thy Spouſe, the Author of all things, that it is unpoſſible for thee to be without love? It is a hard thing for a humane ſoule not to love, for it is of neceſſity that our mind ſhould be drawne to ſome affections. Wherefore (according to Saint *Bern.*) It likewiſe behoveth thee that thou be delighted either in the higheſt things or the loweſt. Therefore (according to Saint *Gregory*) becauſe there are ſome, which neglect their own life, whilſt they deſire tranſitory things

and

and understand not the Eternall, and if they do understand, ye dispise them, and feel not the grief whilst they are wounded. Wherefore alass miserable men they think themselves to be in good case, loving this Exile, as their Country, and rejoycing in blindnesse, as in the clearnesse of light. Contrarily the minds of the Elect, whilst they behold all transitory things as though they were none at all, do enquire to what end they were created. And when nothing can suffice their affections without God, they repose in the only contemplation of their maker, desiring to be presene with the Heavenly Citizens, and yet being placed in the World, they rise above the World;

World; Sweetneſſe ſeemeth to be in humane things, yet but to thoſe, which never taſted the ſweetneſſe of Heavenly. Becauſe whilſt the humane mind underſtandeth but a little the Eternall, by ſo much the ſweeter he repoſeth in temporall. But now if any one had cordially taſted, what the ſweetneſſe of Heavenly reward is, look by how much the ſweeter it becometh, which he perceives inwardly, by ſo much the more every thing is converted into bitterneſs which outwardly he ſuſtaineth.

Theſe St. *Gregory.* Idem *upon Ezechiel.*

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

How miserable Worldly Magnificence is.

SOVLE.

DO not, I pray the, O man, prolong to declare unto me something of worldly and heavenly Joy, to that end that the nature of both being more perfectly known, I may more truly despise the one, and more carefully apply my self to the gaining of the other: because as I think, that as the good is not loved unlesse it be knowne, so the

the evill is not avoyded unlesse it be understood.

MAN.

O My Soule, I consider that worldly Joy (if truly it may be termed a joy and not rather an unknowne scourge) is never truly perceived,, but when it is perfectly despised. Wherefore as it is related by the true contemners of the World, Worldly joy is most especially held contemptible for five things. First because it hath a baseness in it's object? For what is the joy of the world? Saint *Aug.* answereth, an unpunished wickedness, that is to say, to be inebriated with Luxury, wholly to be busied in Banquetings, to

continue in vanities, and to ſuffer no evill in this life for theſe things. For evill people think themſelves to be in delights, when they are not corrected for their wickedneſſe. And they know not, that there is nothing more unhappy then the happineſs of Sinners, whereby penall infirmity is nouriſhed, and an evill will is ſtrengthened.

2. It hath impurity in its ſubject. For the ſoule defiled with ſinnes, is the ſubject of worldly joy, which gladdeth when it ſhall do wickedly, and rejoyceth in the worſt things. Wherefore Saint *Hierome* ſaith well; That to laugh and rejoyce with this world, is not the Act of an underſtanding man, but of a mad

mad man. Truly O my Soule, a cleane heart is not glad and jocund with this uncleane world, but with God and in God.

3. It hath a shortnes in it selfe, because the joy of an Hypocrite is like a minute. The world is this Hypocrite, whose joy is like a point, which is neither broad nor long, nor high nor low. The joy of the world is a vanity, which with a great desire is hoped for, that it may come: and when it doth come, it cannot be stayed. O my soule how short, how fraile and how wanteory is worldly joy. For short are the dayes of Man as *Job* saith.

Aug. Saint Iohn.

4. They have sorrow in the

the end, because alas they miserable men waſt their dayes in pleaſure, and at an inſtant they deſcend into Hell. For the end of ſuch joy is ſorrow. Yea O my ſoule, if thou be able to diſcerne, ſuch joy hath alwayes ſorrow mixt with it, becauſe ever of neceſſity the Guilty Conſcience feareth cruell things. Art thou ignorant, O my ſoule, that the joy endureth no longer, which is in eating and drinking; then the ſorrow continueth which is a hungring and thirſting. And ſo of all other things.

5. It hath great miſery in its own Affection, becauſe it is a hindrance of ſpirituall joy: O my ſoule, acknowledge how wretched this world is, and how miſerable they are that

that follow it. For men have alwayes excluded worldly joyes from a blessed life. St. *Bern.* O how base and unprofitable worldly comfort is, and which is more to be feared, because it is an Impediment of true and holy consolation. Refuse therefore, O my soule, to be delighted in the World, if thou wilt be comforted in the remembrance of God. Let all things created be vile unto thee, that thy Creator may be sweet in thy heart. Saint *Aug.*

SOULE.

NOw I despise the world, now I acknowledge the false joy, the true sorrow, the false sweetnesse, and the true bitternes

bitternesse thereof, and for this not unworthily I contemne all these things according to thy Counsell. But because as thou affirmest, I am not able to be without love, tell me I pray thee; what shall I do? whither shall I turne my selfe? where shall I find a fit love?

MAN.

O My Soule, if thou shouldest perfectly know thy selfe by the knowledge thereof thou wouldest despise the world, and all things therein, and thou shouldest learne what a Consolation thou oughtest not unworthily to affect in thy love. O my soule, if thou shouldest understand thy self to be of a

Heaven-

Heavenly Nature, without doubt thou wouldeſt abhorre earthly conſolation. Bluſh therefore to be comforted in filthineſſe, which art of Heaven. Bluſh to be delighted with the baſeſt things, which art not able to be ſatisfied, but in the cheifeſt. Thou art as I think of a Heavenly Nature, and doeſt deſire, and ſeek, as I believe, naturally (if carnall madneſs would permit thee) Heavenly conſolation. O how ſweet and delightfull it would be (the ſeaſoning of divine love joyned therewith) to live according to Nature, if carnall fooliſhneſſe would ſuffer us, which being cured, Nature preſently is delighted with naturall things.

SOVLE

SOULE.

AND what is it properly, to live according to Nature.

MAN.

TO live according to Nature moſt properly, is to lead a Heavenly life on Earth, to returne from things externall to the internall, and to aſcend from the Internall to the Supernall, and to do all things according to the moſt noble part which exceeds in man, that is according to his underſtanding. *Hæc Philoſophus 4 Ethicor.*

SOULE.

SOVLE.

CAn any one on Earth, and in this vale of teares lead an Heavenly life?

MAN.

O My Soule, if thou doubtest and wondereſt at my words, as at the words of a ſinner. Yet heare Saint *Aug.* and *Paul* the Apoſtle. Behold what Saint *Aug.* ſaith, when we apprehend any thing that is eternall either by knowledge or love, then we are not in this world, whence it is as the Apoſtle ſaith. Our Converſation is in Heaven. O my Soule think therefore, that thou art more truely there, where

thou loveſt, then where thou doſt inanimate: becauſe whatſoever thou loveſt, by that very power of affection thou art transformed into its ſimilitude, If therefore thou contemplateſt Celeſtiall things, if thou loveſt Heavenly things, how is it now that thou remaineſt not in Heaven, who art in this life, resembling celeſtiall ſpirits?

SOVLE.

ALas! Alas! now miſerable and unhappy that I am, know perceive my ſelfe for a long ſeaſon to have been miſerably blinded, who for ſo long a time knowingly have erred in temporall and earthly things; entangling

my selfe by love in worldly and base things; from which I have received very little comfort, but much griefe, and some confusion; that very little joy, yet various and often great sorrow of heart. Tell me therefore I pray thee, O Truth, what is that Heavenly consolation, and how by any meanes I may be able to attaine to it in this vale of teares and misery? What is that which I find in my God, when so willingly and so easily I contemne all things for him, when I lye within my selfe with joy? O God of my heart, O God my portion for ever? What is that, which I tast in that most short houre in my beloved, when with all my strength I desire joyfully

and heartily to endure all sharp, bitter, and austere things for him and say: It is good for me to cleave to God. And who shall sepe-rate me from the charity of Christ?

MAN.

O My Soule, this consolation (according to Saint *Bern.*) is nothing else, but a certaine love of Devotion, proceeding from the hope of Pardon, and tast of the good, though but little and a most certaine sweet Delectation, wherewith our bountifull God recreateth the afflicted soule, whereby the soule is invited to seek God, and is vehemently provoked to a divine love. *Hugo de S. V.*

O my soule, what thinkest thou is so sweet and so pleasant, that is accustomed to move the devout soules in the remembrance of their beloved, and so sweetly affect them, that now they altogether begin to be rapt and alienated from themselves? The conscience is exhilerated, and the memorie of all their greifs is forgotten: The mind rejoyceth, the understanding waxeth cleare, the heart is illuminated, and the affection is made jocund. Now they know not, where they behold themselves, and as though the embraces of love, hold something within them and they are ignorant what it is, and yet they earnestly desire with all their force to

remains it. The mind delightfully struggles in some sort, least it should depart from it, as though it should find the end of all its desires therein.

St. Bern. Sometimes as though Hood winckt, O good Jesu, thou sendest me, desiring thee, into the mouth of my heart, yet to know what it is that I feel, it is not lawfull for me. For truely I perceive a savour, being so comfortable a sweetness, that if it were perfected in me I should seek nothing else. Is not this the Jubilee of the heart?

St. Gregory. Jubilee is said to be an unspeakable joy of the mind, which cannot be hidden nor uttered in words. Yet notwithstanding it may

be shown by some motion, though not expressed by any proprieties. Wherefore the Psalmist saith, Blessed is that people that knoweth Jubilation. He doth not say who speaketh, but who knoweth: because Jubilation truly may be known by the understanding but cannot be expressed by word or speech.

St. Bern. For when I perceive this savour, thou sufferest me by no sight of the Body, by no sense of the soule, by no understanding of the Spirit to consider what it is when I shall receive it, and am willing to ruminate thereof; and to judge the sweetness of it, it presently slideth away; yet truly I swallow it in hope of eternall Glory, but by long rumina-

ting of the vertue of its operation, I desired to infuse it into all the veins and marrow of my soule, as though it were a certaine vitall Juice, that it might deceive it of all other affections, and it might only savour that, but presently it hasteneth away, and when with Inquisition or acception, or the sight thereof I gladly desire more strictly to commit some formall imprinted lineaments thereof to memory, or otherwise to help my forgetfulnesse by writing, by experience: I am compelled to confesse that of the Gospell: Thou knowest not from whence it cometh, or whither it goeth.

What Declaration, O my Soul, dost thou think is there so sweet and so pleasant.

Truly

Truly this is the divine consolation.

SOULE.

O Man, who will bestow this upon me, that this so un-experienced a consolation may enter into my heart, that I may forget my miseries, and may despise worldly comfort, and may happily begin to be estranged from my selfe?

MAN.

O My soule, Great is that which thou desirest, it is an inestimable gift which thou wishest for, wherefore as I suppose, it cannot be obtained by humane endeavour it can scarcely be gotten but by humble prayers to God, and of those that are worthi-

by disposed, by the only grace of divine mercy. For all Gold in comparison of it, is but as a little sand, and silver compared to it, is accounted as nothing.

SOVL.

O Man, tell me I desire thee, what manner a one ought that disposition to be, wherewith the affection of him that prayes ought to be disposed for obtaining of it?

MAN.

Of this matter much might be spoken of them that have tryed it, but that I acknowledge my self unexperienced, yea I blush to speak a few things. Wherefore I feare least it should be objected against me:

Where-

Wherefore doſt thou refuſe what thou haſt not taſted? Wherfore like an unworthy man doſt thou praiſe, what thou art ignorant of?

SOULE.

O Man fear not, but with reverence and Humility devoutly propoſe what thou haſt both heard and read. For there are many that have to the profit of others determined of great and high matters which they have not learned of their own experience but by the knowledge of others.

MAN.

NOw I ſhall ſpeak with ſome boldneſs; for thoſe abili-

abilities, which lack of knowledge denieth, Charity supplieth. Wherfore as I think, so I relate, I think (under favour of a better Judgment) if thou wilt prepare thy self to tast this Celestiall Sweetnes, thou oughtest to be cleansed, exercised, and lifted up. In the first this Heavenly sweetnes is smelled, in the second is is tasted, and in the third sometimes even to inebriation it is taken and swallowed up.

First I say, thou oughtest to be cleansed from sins, from inordinate affections, from temporall contolation, and from the inordinate love of Creatures; because (according to St. *Bernard*) he erreth altogether that beleiveth that he is able to mixe the Celestiall sweetnes with this dust,

That

that divine Ballom with this venemous Joy, those Graces of the Holy Ghost with the Allurements of this world. But after the Soule shall bee purged by such things, cleansed from tear-distilling grones, and purifyed by sorrowfull sobbings, because as St. *Aug* saith, it is convenient that that mind should always find sorrow in it self, who forsaking his Creator, did alwaies seek joyes in himself, and in the Creature.

Excellently therfore St. *Gregory* in his Morals speaketh of that Sentence of *Job*. *I sigh before I eat*. It is the office of the Soule to eat and to be fed with the Contemplations of supernall Light. Let it therefore sigh before it feed, because he that doth

not

not humiliate himself in this Exile by the bewailing of Heavenly desires, cannot tast the joyes of the eternal Kingdom. For they are barren of the food of Truth, who are delighted in the scarcity of this Peregrination.

2. The mind ought to be exercised in the acting of good things, and in the suffering of evil. *Blessed are they that mourne, for they shall be comforted.* Because those whom the love of truth moveth to affection, the refreshing of Consolation feedeth. St. *Bernard*, O good Jesus how often after innumerable tears and groans, hast thou annointed my wounded Soul with the Ornament of thy mercy, and sometimes almost despairing hast received me,

and

and being comforted and presuming of mercy hast utterly left me? Behold in what manner the reward of good things is in it self, wherefore truly though in the beginning the way be straight which leadeth to life, yet in proceſs of time, it is enlarged with the sweetneſs of inestimable love. O how blessed therfore is the consolation which divinely is infused into them that suffer for Christ.

The third thing wherein the Soule is inebriated with this sweetneſs is the elevation of the mind, when happily the Soul is drawn forth earthly delights, and after a certain wonderfull manner inebriated above it self, about the world, yea above every Creature, that now the Soul can

can say, *The King hath brought me into his Wine-Cellars.* This is that Wine-Cellar wherinto the Soul is brought, where she shal drink of the seasoned wine of the Inestimable Deity, and of the most pure Milk of the incontaminated Humanity. Hence O my Soul his Friends drink, but his most deareſt Beloved are therwith inebriated. O happy drunkenness which is accompanied with so chast and holy a sobriety of mind and body. Hence it is that the Soul like a drunken man is made gladsom and joyfull in adversity, strong and secure in dangers, wise and discreet in prosperity, free and pious in pardoning Injuries; and at last lying drowsie and sleepy in the divine Embraces,

when

when the left hand of the Spouse doth friendly beare up the Bride under her head, and the right hand of the lover familiarly embraceth his Beloved.

SOULE.

O Man, I confess with humility and reverence, that sometimes that hapned unto me; though alas very seldom; That with great violence about the beginning of my conversion, I have drawn my mind from earthly things, and with very much endeavour have lifted it up to contemplate on Heavenly things: I have entred with trembling, I have gaz'd about me with blushing, I have seen the Quier of Angels,

gels, the Palaces and Joyes of the Patriarks, and Prophets? I have beheld the Tabernacles of the Apostles, the Feasts of Martyrs, the Solaces of Virgins and Confessors. Surely I have craved the Almes of some comfort from every one of them, I have desired the crummes falling from the Table of their Lord, yet I have not obtained them. But which is most lamentable to be heard, by and by I have been repulsed of all of them as a stranger, and one unknown. What therfore hath the laborious elevation of the mind profited me, when no comfort hath succeeded it,

MAN.

M. M. E.

O My Soul, this so comfortless a repulse was not without cause. I beleive this was the cause, for that thou wouldst be a Companion of Comfort, before thou were a Companion of Suffering. Thou wouldst be a partaker of consolation before thou were an Imitator of virtue. Strive therefore first to be a Companion of Angels by purity and innocency, a companion of the Patriarks and Prophets, by humility and confidence of belief, study to be a Daughter of the Apostles and Martyrs, by charity and patience, a Daughter of the Confessors and Virgins by Piety and Continency,

cy, and then be confident that in this thy Exile, thou shalt with the Prodigal Child obtain Almes of thy Heavenly Father.

SOVLE.

O Man, now I acknowledg how vain and unsavory all transitory things are, and for this I despise the World, I little esteem the comfort therof, and I fly and contemn worldly joy as Death bringing poysons, also I bewail my self past as death, and I wash and cleanse my miserable mind with groans and tears, and if at any times betwixt tears and groans, I perceive the odour of Divine Sweetness, though but a little; notwithstanding as yet I unhappy,

py and miserable, hungry & thirsty taste not the food of the Angels, and the Wine of thy Friends. St. Bern. As yet O Lord my God, my heart hath not come neer unto the Abundance of thy Sweetness, *which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee.* For outwardly I am comforted, howsoever with the Sent therof, because it is sweeter to me then Balsom, or all other Perfumes whatsoever.

O Lord God, if the smell therof be so excellent, how pleasant is the taste of thy sweetness? If a little taste be of such virtue, how much joy hath the Happy inebriation therwith? O who will grant it unto me, that thou mayest come into my heart, and that thou mayst inebriate me with

thy

thy Wine, and I may embrace thee O my God.

MAN.

St. Aug. O Devout Soule (I speak under correction) you are too covetous, and I would to God you were not too presumptuous. Examine your strength, consider your vileness, weigh your virtues, and then if it please you, it may suffice you rather humbly to run after the Odor of the Divine Oyntments with the young men; then presumptuously to *rely on your own merits*, ask that which you *want your merits* have not deserved.

SOULE.

SOULE.

O Man how harsh and burdensom a Comforter art thou to me a miserable Soul? How niggardly a Dispenser (if it be lawfull to say so) art thou of the Divine Bounty, I boldly speak it, I am not able to refraine, the smell thereof doth not suffice me, a little tast doth not fully refresh me, but affect me, my love covereth and requireth Inebriation. I know him that saith, *Drink yee my Friends, and be yee Inebriated O my dearest Beloved*; Though the unworthyness of the Asker do depress, yet the piety of the Promiser raiseth hope.

O man, how can I doubt

but

but that he is ready to give me his good things, who hath not disdained to suffer me my evills.

Art thou ignorant of that which thou hast taught many of the goodnesse of God, which thou hast learned of Saint *Augustine*, thus speaking: *De vera Religione.* Let humane slothfullnesse blush, God will bestow more then man dares ask? God hath given us a pledge of this Spirit, wherein we may feele his sweetnesse, and may tast of the very fountaine of life, wherein we may be sweetned, and moystned with a sober ebriety, like unto a tree that is planted by the running streames.

St. *Chrysostome.* Nothing maseth the Omnipotency of God

God more manifeſt, then that he maketh thoſe omnipotent that hope in him: for no deceit, no ſnare or allurement ſhall be able to deject the mind relying on God through hope, or overcome him perſevering. Now let humane deſpaire be aſhamed, and curſed be the feare of cowardlineſſe which believeth that he can deny or withhold his benefits from them, being rich and very liberall to all thoſe that call upon him, and put their perfect hope in him. For hath not the eternall Father in whom there is no change, of his ſole exceeding great bounty ſent his only begotten Son, in whom he hath given all that he had, all that he wold, all that

be eternised; yet truely
councell thee before thou
scendest to get Inebriation
from thee, that thou first
wholesomely descend below
thy selfe by the consideration
of thy selfe, that thou mayest
learne reverently to feare
thy Spouse, before that thou
arginnest to enter into his
secret Bed-chamber, whom
thou oughtest not only to
feare when he is angry, but
also when he doth most
sweetly and delicately che-
rish thee.

The end of the second part.

The third Exercise.

How the Soule by mentall Exercise, ought to convert the beames of *Contemplation* to things below her, that shee may understand.

1 *The Inevitable necessity of mans death.*
2 *The Formidable austerity of finall Fudgment.*
3 *The Intollerable paine of Infernall punishment.*

CHAP. I.

Of the Inevitable necessity of Mans death.

SOVLE.

TEll me I pray thee, O man, what are those Inferiour

seriour things, to which my consideration is to be converted? I hasten to ascend, I seek Inebriation of the divine comfort, I am not able long to rest on those things which are below me. Even now I desire O Lord my helper thy beloved Tabernacles, I covet with all my strength to dwell in the Courts of our Lord.

MAN.

THese are the Inseriour things, O my Soul, that thou mayst convert thy selfe unto, and may see the inevitable necessity of Death, and mayst lament all the infallible equity and truth of the Divine Judge, and mayst tremble and be afraid of the

intollerable austerity of infernall punishment. Consider therefore often, weigh and revolve diligently that death cannot be avoided, that the hour of death cannot be discovered, that the time pre-ordained of God cannot be altered.

Isidorus. In humane things nothing is more certain then death, nothing more uncertain then the hour of death: it hath not any pity on Poverty, it is not afraid of power, it respecteth not the excellency of manners or kindred, it spareth not youth or age, it is at the old mans gate, and at the young mans heels.

SOVLE.

SOULE.

I Understand that our life is nothing else but a passage to death; Why then are temporall things loved, which for such an uncertain time are possessed? Why desire we this life to continue so long, wherin, by how much the longer we live, by so much the more we sin; by how much our life is prolonged, by so much the more numerous is our transgression? for daily evills encrease, and good things are diminished. For who is able to consider, how many evills wee commit in a moment of time, or how many good things we neglect? For truely it is a great sinne, when wee neither do good,

nor think of good, but ſuffer our mind to wander after vain and unprofitable things.

MAN.

AS St. *Gregory* ſaith, Carnall minds, O my Soul, for that cauſe love temporall pleaſures, becauſe they conſider not how fleeting this life is; For if they ſhould but look into the ſwiftneſs of the paſſage thereof, truely they would not affect this ſo little enduring a proſperity. My life is like to one ſailing, for whether I ſleep or watch, I am ſtill haſtning to my end. O preſent life how many doſt thou deceive, which whileſt thou flyeſt art nothing, when thou art ſeen but a ſhadow, when exalted, but a fume, to fools

fools pleasant, to wise men bitter, they that love thee know thee not, they that fly thee onely understand thee. To some thou promisest thy selfe for a long season, that thou mayst deceive them, to others for a short time, that thou mayst bring them into despair.

With continuall meditation let us exercise our understanding, and let us consider our miseries. With sorrow we entred this life, with labour we live therin, with fear go out therof. St. *Bern.* How many of us have lived in this Region of the shadow of death, in sicknes of body, in conflict, and in the place of tentation, if wee diligently take notice

Author de spiritu & Anima.

therof, wee miserably labour with a threefold discommodity. For we are easie to be seduced, weak to resist, and frail to operate.

SOVLE.

NOw I see, that he lives unprofitably in this world, that hastens not to gain that, wherby he may live for ever. Therfore it should not be any ones care to live long, but rather that he may live well: Because although it may be granted to any one that he live well, yet it is certain that it is not granted to any that he may live long. *S. Bon.* Therefore that is a secure life where the conscience is pure, where death is expected without feare or trem-

trembling, is wished to be at hand with delight, and received with devotion.

MAN.

O My Soul, if thou understandest these things to be so, hear my counsel, and in this life, so long as it lasteth, prepare for thy self that life which lasteth eternally. Whilst thou art in the flesh dy to the World, that afterwards thou mayst begin to live in God. Understand that there is no one that admitteth death approaching merrily and jocundly, but he that hath prepared himself thereto by good works, whilst he lived; give attention to that of *Seneca*. The indiscreet man, that is, the sinner and the guilty man begin-

beginneth his death in dying; but the wise man and virtuous overcometh death by death.

SOULE.

O Man I perceive that the death of good men is blessed, and the death of Sinners unhappy and miserable.

MAN.

O My Soul (according to St. *Bern.*) the death of the just man is good in respect of rest, better in respect of change, the best in respect of security. Contrarywise the death of Sinners is most miserable. and well may it be termed the worst, evil, in the loss of the world, worse in the

the ſeparation of the fleſh, but the worſt in the double ſorrow and ſuffering of the Worme and fire, and that which is worſt of all, is in the privation of divine Contemplation.

CHAP. II.

Of the Formidable auſterity of the finall Judgment.

SOULE.

NOW thou haſt ſpoken ſufficiently of death, ſo alſo ſpeak of the ſtate of final Judgment.

MAN.

MAN.

O My Soule I do what thou exhorteſt, yet I entreat thee to hear with patience. Thou oughteſt to know, that although it be a horrible thing to meditate on death, yet to meditate on the ſtate of finall Judgment, as I am perſwaded it is no leſs formidable, becauſe there is not any that then ſhall be able to deceive his Wiſdom, to alter his Juſtice, to incline his Clemency, to avoid the ſentence of revenge and juſt retribution. St. *Bern.* Conſider therefore, O my Soule, with trembling, how it ſhall bee with thee in the laſt day, when thy Conſcience ſhall ſpeak againſt thee of thy thoughts, when

when the Elements shall accuse thee of all thy Actions, when the Cross of Christ shall be carried for a testimony against thee, when his stripes shall cry out against thee, his wounds plead against thee, his nails speak against thee, his scarrs complaine against thee. O Anguish! hence shall proceed the accusing sins, from thence terrifying justice, within a burning Conscience, below the horrible Chaos of Hell, above the angry Judge of just Judgment, without the flaming World, within the fearfull justice of the Judge. And if then *the just shal scarcely be saved, where shall the wicked man and sinner appear*? Where shall they hide themselves? To lye hid impossible, to appear

peare is intollerable.

Anselm in meditationibus.

O sinfull Soul, unprofitable and dry wood, adjudged to eternal flames what will thou answer at the day, when all the time bestowed on thee shall be even to the twinkling of an eye exacted, how thou hast spent it? Ah, Ah! O my Soul, what shall then become of vain and idle thoughts, of light, sportfull and ridiculous words, of unprofitable and unfruitfull works.

St. Amb. on St. Luke.

Woe is me, if I shall not lament for my sins; woe is me, if I shall not rise at midnight to confess to thee. *Now the Axe is laid to the Tree, let him,*

that

that may bring forth fruits, the works truly worthy of repentance. O my Soul, whether thou wakeſt or ſleepeſt, let that horrible Trumpet alwaies ſound in thy Ears. *Ariſe yee dead and come to judgment.* O my Soule never let this paſs from thy memory, *Go yee curſed into fire everlaſting: Come yee bleſſed receive a Kingdom.* O what can bee thought more lamentable or more terrible then, *Go yee?* And what can bee expreſt more pleaſant then, *Come yee?* They are two Voyces, then the one whereof there is nothing can be heard more horrible, then the other nothing more delightful. O my Soule, now ſeparate thy ſelf from the world, that hereafter thou mayſt abide with Chriſt. Now

fly

fly the world, that thou mayst follow God; Now forsake the Companies and Societies of wicked people, that hereafter thou mayst be able to follow the Troops of Saints.

CHAP. III.

Of the intollerable pain of Infernall punishment.

MAN.

AFter all these, convert thy Contemplation to the torments of Reprobates, take notice how various they are, how sharp, how intolle-

St. Bernard to Eugenius.

rable. I am afraid of and am astonied

astonied at the gnawing Worm & never dying death. O infernall Region to be flyed, where there is flaming fire, chilling cold, the immortall Worm, intollerable stench, and brusing malliets, palpable darkness, confusion of Sinners, and intangling of Fetters, and the horrible sight of Devils.

Wo be to him for whom the gnawing worm, burning flame, thirst without drink, weeping and gnashing of teeth, continuall tears shall be prepared, where death is wished for, but shall not bee granted, where there is no order, but everlasting horrour doth inhabit. What dost thou think then shall bee the sorrow?

St. Aug. in *quodam sermone.*

what

what the grief? what the lamentation? when the wicked shall bee separated from the company of the just, and shal be delivered to the power of Devils, and shall go with them to everlasting punishment, and shall for ever be with them in lamentation, mourning & groaning without end, far from the joyes of Paradice, never to receive comfort, or recreation, but to be tormented for many thousands of years, and yet alas most miserable never to be released. There the tormentor and Punisher shall never bee weary, there he that is tormented shall never dye; For so shal that fire consume that it shall alwaies notwithstanding preserve life: they shall so suffer old torments, as if they

they were alwaies renewed; they ſhall alwaies ſo live without hope of pardon or mercy, as they ſhould dy notwithſtanding: they ſhall ſo dye, as notwithſtanding they may never be conſumed.

SOVLE.

O Man, wherfore is death, as thou ſayeſt, in Hell ſought for and not found: And wherfore is that puniſhed eternally, which was committed temporally?

MAN.

BEcauſe, according to Sr. *Gregory*, to whom life is offered in this world, and they would not receive it, in Hell they ſhall ſeek death, and

& shall not find it. *idem.* The wicked willingly would live eternally, that they might persist in their Iniquities for ever. Therfore it pertaineth to the justice of the just Judg, that they should never want punishment, whose mind in this life would never want sin.

St. *Hierome.* O death how sweet will thou be to those to whom thou hast been so bitter, they only desire thee, who so vehemently have hated thee. O my Soul, if these before spoken of seem so terrible unto thee, heare those things which are more harsh then all these.

St. *Chrysost. upon* St. *Matthew.* If thou sest before me a thousand Hells, I do not so much weigh

weigh them, as to be expelled from the pleasure of that glorious Society, and to become hatefull to my Creator. O my Soul, Hell is terrible, but more terrible is the angry countenance of the Judge, but that which surpasseth all terrour is, the perpetuall elongation from the Contemplation of the most sweet and most blessed Trinity. To be excluded from the eternall good, and be estranged from that which God hath prepared for them that love him, doth beget so much torment, that if outwardly no torment or punishment should torment, this only was sufficient, and it would be better to endure a thousand thousand flames, then to behold that most meek face of Christ angry,

angry, and from it to be eternall ſeparated. O if God hath dealt thus with the Angells growing proud, what ſhal become of Earth and Aſhes? He was proud in a Celeſtiall Palace, but I upon a Dunghil. Who will not affirm that it is more tollerable in a rich man to be proud, then in a poor man? Wo is me if pride bee ſo auſterely and harſhly puniſhable in an Angel, how in me miſerable and poore, is it to be adjudged?

O mercifull Jeſus, for thy names ſake grant me thy mercy, and pardon me proud provoking thee. Behold me miſerable humbly calling upon thee, and acknowledge O moſt benign God, what is thine, and wipe away what is any others. Have pity, O

Lord,

Lord, whilst there is time of pity, least thou condemnest me in the time of judgment. True it is, that my Conscience hath deserved damnation, my repentance sufficeth not for satisfaction, yet certain it is, that thy mercy is above every offence.

These St. Anselme in his meditations.

Do not O Lord, so look into my evil, that thou mayst forget thy owne goodness. O good Lord, if I have committed that wherby thou mayst condemn me, thou hast not lost that wherwith thou mayst save me. O if man could but understand how admi-

St Aug. in his meditations.

St. Gregory in Hom.

rable that is; *Behold the Spouse cometh*, How pleasant? *Those that were prepared entred with him to the marriage.* How bitter? *And the Gate was shut.* O my Soule, what is more? Consider how great an evil it is to be separated from the face of Christ, to be excluded from that joy of divine Contemplation, to be deprived of the most blessed Society of all the Saints, to dye an everlasting life, and to live an eternall death, to be plunged in the bottom of a restless Gulph, for ever to be torne in peeces with consuming worms, and yet the torments not to end, to suffer the noise of raging flames, to be blinded with the bitter myst of the sulphurous smoakitig Pit, not to perceive that which enlightneth

tightneth, but to perceive that which tormenteth.

St. *Aug.* Such shall be the power of grief in the infernal deep, that it admitteth no other intention of thought within it self.

SOULE.

NOw I tremble with fear, now I faint with the horrour therof. Tell me I pray thee, O man, to what purpose is so lamentable a Meditation?

MAN.

O My Soul, I think that the continuall and devout meditation of the prescribed, is the sinners medicine, and wholsom encourager and provoker

voker to do all good things, and to ſuſtain all evil.

St. *Bern. in quadam Epiſtola.*

Thou feareſt watching and the labour of thy hands, but theſe are but eaſie to any one meditating on perpetuall flames. The remembrance of that darkneſs maketh a man not to abhor Solitude; yet if thou leaſurely thinkeſt on a future diſcuſſion of thy words: ſilence ſhall not diſpleaſe thee, that weeping and gnaſhing of teeth being often brought before the eyes of thy underſtanding, do render unto thee equall reſt and peace. A

St. *Aug. in quodam ſermone.*

mans underſtanding being overcome with the intricements and

and concupiscences of this world, flyeth all labour, desireth pleasures, & can scarce be brought to this, that hee can refrain the customes of his former life. But when hee shall begin to think on the necessity of future judgment, he inducetha voluntary war on his passions, moved either by hope of reward, or for fear of punishment, hee doth violence to his former desires, and earnestly contendeth to overcome himselfe: Whence cometh these Verses:

O fœlix mortale Genus, si semper haberet
Æternum præ mente bonum, finemque timeret.

Right happy is that man that ever hath
The eternall good in's mind and fears his death.

The fourth Exercise.

How the Soul by mentall Exercise, ought to convert the light of Contemplation to those things that are above her, that shee may know and understand.

1. *The inestimable value of Celestiall Joy.*
2. *The unspeakable Delight, and*
3. *The interminable Eternity.*

CHAP. I.

Of the Inestimable value of Celestiall Joy.

SOVLE.

EVen now, O man, thou hast sufficiently affrighted

ed me miserable soule, being prostrated in this vale of teares, although thou hast taught me not unprofitably. have mercy also now on mee most miserable, and do what thou long since hast promised. Speak a little of the perpetuall felicity, if happily I may be able to receive thereby some comfort of mind, for that it is delightfull to use change, because according to Saint *Aug.* It is alwayes well done whether it be by punishing, or pardoning, or by terrifying, or comforting, so that there by the life of man may be amended.

Consider O man, how noble the mind of man is, often times it is more easily perswaded with easie and

pleasant things, then by terrible and adverse, oftentimes it is more allured by promisses and things comforting, then it is enforced by threats and terrours. Wherefore our Sister the Spouse desired to be drawn with the odour of Celestiall Unguents, with the savour of divine graces, and so to runne with the Spouse, and now not out of feare, but love delightfully to walk in the way of his Commandements.

MAN.

O My Soule, it is true I confesse which thou sayest, but alas there are many which will not imitate God in Prosperity. Wherefore it is convenient that they be terrified

terrified in Adverſity. For there are many, which either for blindneſſe underſtand not the divine Graces, or for negligence looſe them in vaine Employments. Wherefore, as I beleeve God out of the abundance of his Infinite goodneſs would alwayes be ready rather to favour them with Conſolations, then to affright them with auſteri-ties, if men were rightly diſpoſed, that they might receive his divine conſolation: which is ſo pretious and delicate that by no means it is fitting or expedient, that it ſhould be indifferently beſtowed on all. Thou therefore, if thou aſpireſt, after all theſe things propoſed unto thee, ſee that thou have a

pure understanding, and a well disposed affection, because the chiefest good is not discerned according to Saint *Aug.* but by the clearest understandings, and I think it is much lesse tasted, but by very well disposed affections. For it is of many men in this life clearly discerned, of whom nevertheless it is in no wise tasted.

Wherefore Saint *Aug.* saith O Lord mak me I desire thee to taste that by affection, which by my intellect I understand: make me to perceive that by love, which I perceive by knowledge.

SOVLE.

TEll me I pray thee, O man, what dispositions ought

ought to proceed in affection and understanding, that at least to a little Excess of mind I may be able to tast in contemplation the Celestiall sweetnesse?

For I have long agoe exercised my mind in speculation, and alas as yet, my feare is, that I have never felt the least drop of that Heavenly sweetnesse, I have read many things of the lives and conversation of Saints, many things of Nature, of the operations and orders of Angels, also I have read some things of the inestimable unity of the Divinity, of the Incomprehensible Trinity of the Godhead, more of the inestimable happinesse of all the blessed, and when with all my endeavours I have employed

ployed my mind to the former ſtudies, alaſs I have remained, yet Hunger-ſtarven and empty, and have alwaies cryed out with bleſſed Saint *Aug.* Make me O moſt mercifull Father to taſt by affection, what I perceive by my underſtanding, and yet I have not profited: Alſo oftentimes being wearied with long ſtudy and angry at my ſelf, I have cryed out with the Prophet, expecting the Crummes which fall from the Table of their Lord in that Heavenly Court: How long O Lord, wilt thou forget me for ever? How long doſt thou turne thy face from me? For though I have Judged my ſelfe unworthy to eat of the bread of thy Children, yet I have expected with earneſt

deſire

desire, to eat at the least of the Crummes falling from their Table, but alas! though with with open mouth I have earnestly expected, yet I have alwayes been frustrated.

MAN.

O My soule, the former things which thou hast most lamentably complained of, happen by a two fold reason. Sometimes of the very pious and wholsome dispensation of the divine goodnesse. Whereupon Saint *Gregory* The just God is wont to deferre the complaints of them that Petition him, for a time that their desires might encrease, to that end they may rather be heard

In his Morals

heard for their good, by how much the sooner they are not heard at their desire.

Holy desires encreass by delayes, for if they faint, at the denyall thereof, they were not desires. For although God of his goodnesse is most clement, notwithstanding sometimes it happeneth that he protracteth that, which he most willingly would give, that thou mayst learne earnestly and ardently to desire great things, and more carefully to preserve them obtained, with thanksgiving. Also sometimes he prolongs his benefits by reason of the inordinate disposition of the Asker. Hee is altogether out of the way that thinketh any one can mix that Heavenly sweet-

Item in Homilia

sweetnesse with this dust, that divine Balsome with this poisonous joy, those Graces of the Holy Ghost with the allurements of this World.

But now O my soule, that I may not longer keep thee in dalliance, nor longer afflict thee by expectation, cleanse thy understanding from vaine and unprofitable Phantasies, from naturall and curious reasons, from extravagant, and overmuch curious employments in the sciences. Also cleanse thy affection from sinne, from the sequell of sinne, and from the occasion or cause thereof. Lift up thy reason, dilate and declare thy affection, enter into the joy of thy Lord, which neither Eye in this life

life hath perfectly seen, nor eare hath heard, nor hath it ascended into the heart of man. Be vehement therefore O my soule, in the love and desire of the supernall life of the Saints, where there is action not laborious, rest not Idle or slothfull, where there is life without defection or revolt divine prayse without cessation. *Hæc Aug.*

Saint *Bern.* Rejoyce therefore and be glad, and consider the reward of thy labour, which truly is so much, that it cannot be numbred, so great, that it cannot be measured, so pretious that it cannot be terminated:

SOVLE.

O Man, thou hast now spoken much in generall, tell

tell me I pray thee, of all in particular, because wee understand those things better, which are particularly distinguished, then those which a generally related.

MAN.

O My Soule, What can I say, when I behold the future joy? Now I almost faint with admiration, because the joy shall be within us and without us, under us and over us, nigh us and round about us: Thou shalt therefore rejoice in all, thou shalt rejoice of all. Thy joy I beleive is prefigured in the Apocalipse, by that blessed woman, which was clothed with the Sun, and the Moon was under her feet and a Crown of twelve Stars about her head. This woman

as I think is a blessed Soule the Daughter, Bride, and Queen of the eternall King. A Daughter by the Creation of Nature, a Bride by the Adoption of Grace, a Queen by the Collation of Glory. This Soule is well sayd to be clothed with the Sun, because thee is adorned with the Splendor of divine cleerness, crowned with the Dignity of eternall felicity. In which happiness for the speciall comliness, there are 12. Joyes, figured by the Stars by which the Celestiall happiness is beautified and adorned.

These joyes, O my Soule thou oughest dayly, & devourly to contemplate & seek no consolation of thy present misery & sojourning, & in hope patiently and joyfully to sustain

sustain all tribulation of this present life. O my Soul, thou shouldst not be perplext if evil men flourish in this world
Beda. and thou suffereſt, that they shall rejoyce and that thou shalt be vexed. Alas wicked men have no share in the celestiall joy, neither shouldest thou care if thou shouldest have no share in this world, but by the hope of that joy at which thou aimest thy Affection may joyfully and patiently endure whatsoever happeth to thee in the
Hac Beda. way of adversity.
St. Ber. O my Soul, if at any time worldly joyes, the false glory, the short and frail power thereof, delight thee, recall thy mind from them, and thou wilt esteem all as dung.

St. *Hierom*

St. *Hierom.* Run therefor O my Soul not with the paces of the body, but with affection and desire, because not only the Angells and Saints, but also the Lord and Master of Angells and Saints epxects thee: God the Father expects thee as his most beloved Daughter, God the Son expects thee as his sweetest Bride, God the Holy Ghost expects thee, as one most dearly beloved unto him; God the Father expects thee, that he may constitute thee the Heir of all good things, God the Son expects thee, that hee may offer thee to God the Father as the fruit of his Nativity, and the price of his most precious blood, God the Holy Ghost expects thee, that he may make thee partaker

ker of his eternall Beatitude and Swetneſs.

That moſt bleſſed Family of all the Celeſtiall Spirits of the eternall King do expect thee, that they may receive thee into their Colledg therefore deſire thou their Society above all things, thou ſhouldeſt come thither with great modeſty if thou hadſt loved it in this vale of tears. As often therfore as the vain Ambition of this VVorld delighteth thee, as often as thou ſhalt behold any glorious Creature therein, preſently fly up to Heaven, and begin to be what thou art to be. Truly I beleive, O my Soule, if thou wouldeſt continually keep theſe heavenly joyes in thy mind, thou wouldeſt build a certain Suburbs of the

the celestiall Kingdome in his Exile, wherein dayly thou mightest spiritually by Assay, taste that eternal sweetnes. for when we settle in our thoughts any thing that is eternall, even then we dwell not in this world but in Heaven. So great, O my Soul, is the force of thy love, that thou livest there more truly, where thou lovest by contemplation, then where thou art but by Essence. This O most dear Soul is the kingdome of God, which is within us, which alas we miserably neglect, when outwardly we are given to idle and vain things, We disperse St. *Grego.* our selves abroad, in not caring for the Kingdom of God which is within us, we seek abroad for Consolation frome

idle

idle things and deceitfull Fopperies, so that now wee have lost the Devotion of our ancient Religion even so that we retaine not the forme thereof.

Thou therefore, O my Soule, the Daughter of the Eternall King, hear with a devout mind, and incline thy Eare to holy and healthbringing councells. Behold by contemplation the comfort of the Celestiall Kingdome; forget by contempt and detestation thy People and thy Fathers house, that is to say, the World, the Devill, thy selfe, and vain Ambition.

See therefore and devoutly consider, how those divine and Heavenly Spirits which have escaped the danger of this present life and misery,

although

although they can never convert themselves from that splendour of that eternall Sonne, sometimes notwithstanding they convert the light of their contemplation to things below them, sometimes to things above them-sometimes to things interiour, & somtimes to things exteriour. They converr themselves, I say, to things below them, and rejoyce for three reasons.

Firſt, That they have overcome by the divine power such impious, horrible, and cruell enemies.

Secondly that they have avoided all their defects and sins, either by the divine wisdome, or long ago have amended their faults & transgressions.

Thirdly,

Thirdly, That they have escaped such lamentabe and eternally interminable torments by the divine mercy and clemency.

O my Soul, With how great joy thinkest thou do they daily rejoice, when they perceiue so many to be overcome of the flesh, the world and the devill, so many to be defiled with such diversity of sins of which they shall never obtain pardon, so many without end, eternally to be damned: Truly then I beleive to have passed from death to life, redoubleth the joy of life.

O Lord God, if the danger in war be now so greivous, how great shall the joy be in Triumph, when after the world is overcome and utterly vanquished, wicked Pha-

roah and his Army being drowned in the Red Sea, all the Elect shall hold their Timbrels, playing, singing, praising and blessing our Lord, saying with one voice: Let us sing unto our Lord for glorious, &c.

Then two Cherubims shall be framed, that is to say, two quiers of the elect, to wit the Innocents and Penitents, the one answering the other, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of the Sabboth.

Holy God the Father, that hast powerfully delivered us from the world, the flesh and the devill.

Holy God the Son, which hast so wisely justified us both from the sinne and punishment.

Holy God the Holy Ghost which

which hast so mercifully preserved us from the Eternall Torments.

All the Earth is full of his Glory, who hath called us from the misery of the world to the joyes of the celestiall Kingdome.

O my Soule, what a one shall that day be unto thee, when thou shalt be assumed into this quier, when all thy torments, if thou shalt live well, if thou wilt patiently suffer, shalbe converted into Eternall Jubilee? Then thou shalt praise with exultation the Lord thy God for all these things, saying, I will sing the mercies of our Lord for ever. Then which Song according to Saint *Aug.* that is sung to the praise of the glory of Christ, by

whose precious blood wee are delivered, nothing shall be more pleasant to that City, nothing more sweet.

Thou therefore when thou art tryed with Temptations, when thou art overcom with Persecutions, and when thou art molested in this World with divers Tribulations, then mentally fly into Heaven, and consider that this is no other thing but the Subject of eternall joy, and then the consideration of the Reward, lesseneth the violence of the punishment.

If we would consider what and how great the Rewards are, which are promised us in Heaven, all things on Earth would seem vile in our mind and truly not only the goods which delightfully we possesse, but

but alſo the evills which lamentably wee ſuſtain. The troubles of this world are not equivalent to the fault paſt which is forgiven, to the preſent Grace which is beſtowed and for the future glory which is promiſed, which thou then O my Soul, with joy ſhalt poſſeſs when thou perfectly underſtandeſt, that thou haſt lived in the world with ſo great danger, wherewith the moſt are oppreſſed, that thou haſt overcome the deceitfull wiles of Satan, wherewith many are deceived, that thou haſt eſcaped the eternall torments wherewith innumerable are afflicted.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

CHAP. II.

Of the ineffable Delight.

SOULE.

O Man, how sound and wholsome is thy Consolation, for when I consider these things which thou hast proposed, by hope, I receive very much comfort. But, O Lord God, what thinkest thou shal then that be, when I shall truly possess that which now I but hope for.

MAN.

O My Soule, These are but little, which thou hast

haſt heard, yea comparatively they are as none which thou haſt mentally perceived, but erect the eyes of thy underſtanding a little, and weigh and devoutly conſider, how great the joyes are, which thou ſhalt perceive by theſe, which are ſure unto thee.

Attend therefore and conſider the beautiful place which the divine wiſdome hath built for thee. Conſider alſo the delicate food, the curious bravery, the precious Treaſure, which the eternal power hath gathered for thee. Conſider likewiſe the renowned Colledge, with whom thy mind ſhall eternally rejoice, by the divine clemency, O my Soul, conſider how glorious, how renowned, how gladſome that houſe of God is, the Heaven-

ly City, the ſecure manſion, the Countrey containing all that delighteth.

Conſider how clear, how light, how glorious that City is, which needeth neither Sun nor Moon, that they may ſhine therein, but the Lord himſelfe the Sun of Juſtice, the Candor of Eternall light, is the light thereof, and the Lamb is the Lamp thereof. O my Soule, conſider how high, and how ſpacious how fair and how beautifull, how comely and how renowned that City is, which the moſt bleſſed Trinity of himſelf adorneth, O City of God how glorious are the things which are ſpoken of thee? O Iſrael, how magnificent is the houſe of God, and great is the place of his poſſeſſions, O my

O my Soule, contemplate there, the Tabernacles of the Patriarcks and Prophets, the Habitacles of the Apoſtles and Martyrs, the ſtately and lofty Chambers of the Confeſſors and Virgins, the Palaces of the moſt heavenly Spirits, that moſt beautifull Throne of the moſt bleſſed Trinity; O my Soul, though thou art here corporally, yet be there mentally O my Soul fly over all things, ſearch all things, viſit all things, enter into all the Gates in order, untill thou ſhalt come into the Palaces of the higheſt King, let thy mind *St. Aug.* be there, and here ſhall be thy reſt. O my Soule, willingly endeavour to be ſtayed, willingly to be converſant in that holy City, becauſe

there is life without death, youth without old age, light without darkneſſe, peace without diſturbance. For my People ſhall ſit in a Tabernacle of confidence, and in a rich reſt, ſaith our Lord.

Secondly conſider the delicate food, the curious bravery and the pretious treaſure. And who ſhall there be our food, but that moſt bleſſed Lamb, that pure, and Immaculate Jeſus, the Son of God the Father, of whom they ſhall adminiſter, moſt excellent dainties to the holy ſpirits in all ſufficiency? very excellent truly of the moſt pure humanity, but moſt of the more then moſt bleſſed Divinity. For then the ſoule ſhall enter in to taſt the Divinity, ſhall go forth to taſt or aſſay

assay the humanity, and she shall find a Pasture full of all sufficiency and satiety. O how blessed are they that shal be called to the marriage-Supper of the Lamb. There also a blessed life is drunkin its fountaine, Whereupon sometimes part thereof is sprinkled as it were on this our humane life, whereby we may become, in temptations, stronger, more iuste, temperate, and wiser. There alwayes thirst and satiety are joyned together: but after a wonderfull manner necessity shall be far from thirst, and loathing far from satiety For they shall be inebriated with the plenty of thy house, and thou shalt give them to drink of the Torrent of thy pleasure according to the Prophet. Soule

SOULE.

AND when shall this be?

MAN.

Man-cyple. I Beleive nor before that time, untill when that sweet dispenser of the highest King, the splendour of the Paternall glory, the candour of the eternall light, the Figure of the divine substance, the mirrour without spot of the extraordinary Godlike clearnesse, on whom all those celestiall spirits desire to look, when such a one, and so great a one shall gird himselfe, and shall make them to sit down, and personally passing

passing by them shall minister unto them.

O my soule, here devoutly consider how great joy those good spirits shall then conceive, of so stupendious a dignity of him that serves them, of so admirable a charity of every particular companion banqueting, of the plenty of very delitious dainties, of the numerous Assembly of the servitours, of the sweet sounding-Eccho of the Musicall Instruments, and of others playing, singing and praysing the King of Glory, God the Son of God.

In this great Celestiall and admirable banquet, thou shalt hear Angels rejoycing Virgins dancing, Apostles, singing, Martyrs sporting Confessors praysing, Patriarchs

archs and Prophets making merry all the Saints and Elect of God unanimously collauding the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, and with one voyce saying: Holy, Holy holy Lord God of Sabath all the Earth is full of thy Glory.

O how glorious is that Kingdome wherein all the Saints raigne with Christ, cloathed with white stoles, following the Lamb which way soever he shall go. O my soule, how can there be the want of any good, when there is such variety of matter for the rejoycer. For then shall be opened all those treasures of the Eternall God, where there are all riches, all delights laid up, and divers and pretious gifts shall be given

given to every one according to their deserts; But if yet these are not sufficient, consider in the third place all the Colledge of Saints nere unto thee, which the Divine clemency hath assembled together for an addition of thy beatitude. Because the possession of any Good, is not pleasant without a Companion, as saith *Seneca*.

See then what tongue or what vnderstanding is able to conceive how great the joyes are of that supernall City, to be present with the Quiers of Angels, alwayes to assist with the most blessed Spirits the glory of our Creator, and never to depart from the most blessed society of them, but continually with them, and of their joy to rejoyce

rejoyce for ever.

Saint *Anſelme.* For there all are known of every one, there every one are known of all. Nor ſhall it be a ſecret to any of them to know, of what Country, of what Nation, of what kindred every one is borne. For there ſhall be ſo bleſſed and perfect a charity of the Juſt, that every one of them will love his Neighbour as much as himſelfe. Whereof that ineſtimable good ſhal follow, that every one ſhall ſo rejoyce at the joy or good of another, as though it were of his own merit. Therefore when there is ſuch an innumerable number of the Elect, who thinkeſt thou, is ſufficient to declare the joy of the bleſſed? St. *Hierome* de-

deſcribing theſe Joyes ſaith, Go forth I pray thee, O my ſoule, a little from the Pavilion of thy body, that ſtanding in the doore thou mayeſt perceive the Glory of God paſſing by, and before thy eyes deſcribe the reward of thy preſent labour. What a day ſhall that be unto thee, when our Lord ſhall meet thee accompanied with his Heavenly Quier, when the Spouſe himſelfe ſhall meet thee with all his Saints, ſaying. Ariſe, come, make haſt my beloved, my deare, my Dove, now the Winter is over, the ſhower is gone and paſt. Then the Angels ſhall admire at thy Glory, ſaying: who

In the end of an Epiſtle to Euſtochium.

Who is this that ascendeth from the desert, flowing with delights, and leaning on her beloved? The Daughters of *Sion* shall see thee and praise thee. Then those 144 thousand in sight of the Throne and Elders shall hould their Harps, and sing a new song. Then thou shalt flye securely into the embraces of the Spouse, saying with Jubilation: I have found him whom my Soule loveth, I have held him and will not let him depart, *Hæc Hieronymus*.

Then those seven Sonnes of that great *Job*, who is more excellent then all that remaine in the blessed Easterne Region, every one on his proper day shall make Feasts, and shall invite thee, their

their Sister, thee their Companion. And every one of them shall say unto thee: Drink now and sit down with pleasure, for thou hast found favour of the highest Prince. And thou shalt answer with joy, saying: I will drink and become merrier, because to day my soule is magnified, more then all the dayes of my life. O truely unheard of magnificency. O joyfull and pleasant Excellency, the like whereof was never heard on Earth. I beleive that all the Pompe of this World in comparison thereof would scarce be as a little drop.

SOVLE.

O Man, now I have long held my peace, now I have

haue been ſufficiently ſilent, becauſe thoſe things which thou haſt propoſed. I haue heard with exceeding much delight and admiration, Do not prolong me I pray thee, but expound to me more particularly and perfectly, ſomething of this banquet of the Heavenly ſpirits, for that a little before thou haſt touched ſomething thereof, but haſt paſſed them over too quickly.

MAN.

O My Soul, I would rather again paſſe over with ſilence what thou requireſt, then with a polluted tongue utter the leaſt thing of the Celeſtiall ſecret myſtery, yea, or conceive in mind, becauſe

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I that am alas as yet too often entangled with worldly & superfluous things, that am alas as yet with other worldlings fed, O pitty! with husks of swine? I very much blush and am confounded to discourse of such familiar operations of the divine Spirit: Yet because I am not able to contradict thy pious desires, I will speak breifly what some times the Holy Ghost instigating me, though unworthy I often mentally thinke of For although in that celestiall Court, where fulness of all good is perfectly in all of them, although there for the difference of merits, some things are bestowed in excellency, yet nothing shall be possessed (according to St. *Gregory*) there particularly of

of the exceeding greatneſſe of the ineſtimable divine pietty. For all things are common to all in reſpect of him, who is All in All: For there the Virgin ſhall rejoice at the merit of the holy Widdow, there the Widdow ſhall rejoice at the priviledge of the Chaſt Maid, There the Confeſſors ſhall be made glad at Triumph of the Martyr, there the Martyr ſhal dance for joy at the Crown of the Confeſſors, there the Prophet ſhall give thanks for the pious and holy converſation of the Patriarchs, there the Patriarchs ſhall be glad for the faith and ſpeculation of the Prophets, there the Apoſtles and Angells ſhall rejoice at the merit of all that are inferiour unto them, there all

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the inferiour shall make joy for the glory of all those that are above them: For from that tye and bond of holy and perfect Charity, it shall come to pass, that every one shall have that within another which he hath not of his own merit.

SOULE.

O Man, as yet these are not sufficient to ease my mind, wherefore I pray thee do not pass over to explicate some things particularly and distinctly of the forsaid banquet.

MAN.

O My Soule, Thou hast known, that as wee are able

able, though unperfectly we resound or Eccho forth the high mysteries of God, nor is it a wonder, seeing we are very unapt to understand, how should we be sufficient to speak, when those things, which blindly we contemplate are truer then they can be understood, and they are more truly understood then they can be expressed by words? Notwithstanding that I may not protract thee too long, heare what my Intellect imagineth, although as yet my affection tasteth but little. I think that those seaven Sons of whom we have before mentioned, are all the Saints and Elect spirits of God, the heirs and sonnes of the most Omnipotent Father. These do make banquets every

one

one at appointed time, when they feed one another with Heavenly joyes, wherein of their own merits, every one particularly no preferre or give, most delicious dishes according to the Glory bestowed on them.

In the first day therefore, the first begotten, that is that number of Heavenly Angells who not unworthily are entitled the first borne, because they are the first in Creation and conversation with God, from whom they have never departed by sinne, but alwayes with constant Charity have cleaved unto God the Father, and before all have happily possessed that blessed Heritage of the Celestiall Kingdome. These O my Soul, bestow upon thee in that

feast divers delicious, and pretious dishes, when every order doth administer particular Joyes, from that which it more excellently hath received of his reward.

Now weigh O my soule, what dainties those high Seraphicall spirits bestow on thee, who are so nigh unto the eternall Father, that there are no other spirits as a *Medium* between him and them, who do more immediatly contemplate him, and more perfectly enjoy his eternall good things. What joy thinkest thou do these give of the nobleness of nature, what of the clearness of Contemplation, what of the sincerity of love?

These therefore, that is, those that are nominated Seraphins

raphims do adorne this banquet with the ardour of divine Charity. The *Cherubims* with the splendour of eternall clearnesse: The Thrones with the equity or uprightnesse of the divine Majesty: Dominations also glorifie this banquet, by the excellency of ruling over others. The Principalities by the magnificence of taking charge or councelling the inferiours. The Angells by the authority of expelling evill and maligne spirits:

The Arch-Angells by the dignity of declaring high mysteries: The Angells by the Agility of revealing the lesser secrets of the divine knowledge. Behold thou seest how every one particularly doth feed the minds of the Saints,

with Celestiall joyes, with such things, which they have received in that Celestiall Court. Nor is it to be marvelled at, that these spirits do give unto us for our joy, these things before spoken of, and many other, as yet more unknown unto us, who so faithfully, so sweetly, and so lovingly do guard and preserve us in this vale of tears, and with all their power earnestly desire to bring us to that Country of eternall beatitude.

St. Bern. O if any one could know in what manner they prevent us, the chiefest being joyned to the singers in middle of the young Virgins playing on Timbrells, hee should see forthwith with what care, or with what respect

ject, they are amiddest them singing, are present with them praying, are in them meditating, are over them or remaine with them reposing, are present with them for their help.

O Empty and Hunger-starven soule, if thou couldest but inwardly receive one crumme falling from the Table of their Lord in this Banquet, I think from that present thou wouldest impatiently endure this peregrination. I think if thou hadst but tasted one drop of the Wine of their drink, thou wouldest loath and disdaine all the sweetnes of this world, if the heart understand by tast once & be fastened in celestial

St. Greg. in his Morals.

things it is by and by discerned how abject and base those things are, which before seemed of great account.

O my beloved soule, what shall I say of the Banquet of the Patriarchs, Prophets, Apostles, Martyrs, Confessors, Virgins, which by other six Sonnes are not unworthily prefigured? For every one of these will render so many dishes in this feast, as he had vertuous works in this life. And who is able to declare, how great joy every soule shall receive of the most perfect humility of the holy Patriarchs of the most certaine confidence of the Prophets, of the most ardent charity of the Apostles, of the couragiousnesse and patience of the Martyrs, of the Piety

and

and clemency of the Confessors, of the Chastity and continency of the Virgins? and the same Saint *Gregory* saith. Truly my voice and tongue faileth, because my understanding is not able to comprehend, how great joy, it is to be present with the Quires of Angells, to assist with the most blessed spirits the Glory of our Creatour, to discerne the countenance of God present, to see the unlimited light, to be affected with no feare of death, to rejoyce and be glad at the gift of perpetuall incorruption. O how happy will that day be unto thee, when thou shalt returne to the Heritage of thy Fathers, and when thou shalt be received

In a Homily on St. Luke.

ceived of them all with an inestimable joy, and happily brought into the bed of the highest King.

Rouze up thy selfe, O my soule, and with that famous Queen of *Sheba* ascend into that Heavenly *Hierusalem* with the perfumes of vertue, with the treasures of good works, with great preparations of Celestiall desires and diligently contemplate every particular, and behold, that truth exceedeth fame, that the glory exceedeth all report; if perhaps by the greatnesse and nobleness of admiration, thou canst be ravished of thy humane spirit, and after a certaine wonderfull manner be transformed into a divine spirit, that thou mayest begin to cry out with St. *Peter*

Peter in great Jubilation of heart: O Lord, it is good that we remaine here, here is our Fathrr, here our Sister, here our Brother, here our Country. O Lord permit us to be here, and never to depart from hence.

St. *Amb.* Let us fly, O my soule, into our most true Country, because there is our Countrey, for that which we were created, there our Father by whom we were created, there is that *Hierusalem* that Heavenly City, which is our Mother. O my soule, thy love here in this mortall life ought to be so great, and desire to come to that, for which we were created, and so great thy griefe, because as yet

Saint *Ansel.*

thou art not there, and so great thy feare, least perchance thou never comest there that thou ought'st to feel no joy, but from these things which do either bring thee aid, or hope to come thither.

CHAP. III.

Of the Interminable Eternity.

SOVLE.

O Man, whilst that sometimes I think of these things, whilst that silently I consider with my selfe what is that which then shineth in me and

and woundeth my heart without hurting me, and I am afraid, yet am inflam'd. I admit sometimes mentally into my affection something which is unusuall, but I know not what sweetness it is, which if it were perfected in me, I know not what it shall be, that this life shall not be. But I fall into a relapse with ponderous burthens, and am swallowed up with my wonted cares. Here I am able to be, but not willing, there I am willing to be, but am not able, miserable in both. *Hæc August.* *St. Aug.*

MAN.

MAN.

O My Soul, consider that these celestiall things can not so much as be thought upon of those that are worthily disposed, without foretasting of the sweetnesse. But I am ignorant what that shall then be, when they can be perfectly without intricacy tasted or perceived in thee, wherfore it is not to be marvled at, if the foretasting of such things, cause in thee a wearinesse of this Exile; because nothing is more bitter, then after that the Soul hath been accustomed to be comforted with the joy of such delights, if again it shall begin to be intangled with worldly and transitory things.

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From hence it is, that the Soul laboureth, ſtruggles and is vexed, there ſhe alwaies deſires to be, and yet it ſufficeth not, here ſhe is compelled to be, yet after this, ſhe endeavoureth to aſcend to that which ſhe hath already taſted, for now having taſted of the Spirit, all fleſh is diſtaſtfull.

Thou haſt ſeen the joy of the bleſſed from theſe that are below thee, and from theſe which are neer thee, now behold if thou canſt, what joy is to come from theſe which are within thee. For man ſhall be rewarded in body and in mind, and with the eternall and inſeperable union of theſe two, for our body is compoſed of four Elements, wherfore it ſhall be remunerated with

with four gifts of Nature, the Earth then ſhall have eternall immortaliry, the water all manner of impaſſibility, the Air exceeding great agility, and the fire moſt tranſparent and bright ſhining clearneſs: then ſhall the Juſt ſhine like the Sun, and ſhall run like ſparkles among the reeds for God will wipe away all tears from the eyes of his Saints, and then there ſhall not be any more, either lamentation, or roaring or greif but everlaſting peace, and gladneſs: In this ſempiternall Kingdome, the hearts of the bleſſed ſhall ſhine in tclearnes one againſt another, and ſhall in purity be tranſparent, there every ones Countenance is beheld, and conſcience penetrated, there the bodily

dily substance of any one hideth not his intent from the eyes of another: Also at an instant whersoever the mind would be, there the body shal be also presently. St. *Aug.* For as then the mind most perfectly obeyeth its Creator so also the body shal most readily obey its Moover. God will make the Soule then so powerfull, that from the most full beatitude thereof it shall returne into the body, from the superabundance whereof, it shall receive the vigor of impassability, the splendor of clearness, the aptitude of subtilty, the promptitude of agility, there all the senses shall be imployed in their proper actions, for there the eye shall see a most beautifull comliness, the taste shall feele a most

most most sweet Savour, the sence of smelling shall be perfumed with a most pleasant odour, the touch shall imbrace a most delicious object, the Hearing shall be changed by a most delicate Sound, for there when the mind is ravished by exultation, the Tongue is elevated into a Song of praise.

SOULE.

O Man, I have heard these wonderfull things long ago, and seeing that these are all true, what other thing is this present life but a certain shadow of death.

MAN.

MAN.

O My Soul, thou haſt ſayd well, becauſe temporall life compared to the eternall, is rather be called death then life, for what other thing is this defect of our daily corruption, then a certain prolongation of death, therfore holy men, becauſe they inceſſantly look into the ſhorteneſs of this life, live as though they were dayly dying, and therefore more carefully prepare themſelves, not minding an abode, becauſe they alway conſider that all theſe things are nothing in the end. But men carnally minded therefore love things preſent frr that they never weigh how fleeting mans life is, for

if

if they should looke into the swiftnes of their passage, yea they would in no wise love this prosperity. *Hæc Gregorius.*

Let therefore O my Soule the love of this present life passe from thee, and let the fervency of the life to come take place, where no adversity disturbeth, noe necessity distresseth, no trouble disquieteth, but everlasting gladness raigneth, and consider how great the future felicity is to be, where there shalbe no evill thing, nor good thing shall be hidden, all being imployed to the praises of God, who shall be All in All for there shall be no end of rest, nor shall any want pinch there our being shall have no Death, our knowledge shall have no Errour, our Love shall

ſhall have no offence.

There all ſlowneſs all corruption, all deformity, all infirmity ſhall be abſent. There is a new Heaven and a new Earth, there we ſhall be like unto the Angells of God, and although not in age, yet truly in happines.

St. *Aug.* O my Soul, Thou ſhouldeſt imbrace that Life, where there is Life without Death, Youth without old Age, Joy without Sadneſſe, Peace without Diſcord, Will without Injury, Light without Darkneſſe, & a Kingdom without Change.

Conſider how much the ſpirit may rejoyce, when it ſhall reſume ſuch a body as now thou haſt heard, nor ſuch a one as thou haſt ſuſtained with great griefe, and haſt overcome

vercome with great ſtrife, of whom oftentimes thou patiently impatient, and meekly angry haſt ſaid to thy ſelf: Who will free from the body of this death? Not ſurely ſuch a one, but now perfectly obeying and ſpirituall, ſuch a one I ſay, ſuch a one, which ſhall be to thee for a comfort of contemplation and for an augmentation of Eternall felicity.

SOULE.

I Cannot ſufficiently admire all theſe things, yet in reſpect of the magnitude of admiration, I faint in the ſearch thereof. Notwithſtanding one thing I deſire to know, in what manner the mind which in this preſent life is held under by

by the body from the contemplation of God ſhall there be aſſiſted by it in contemplation.

MAN.

O My Soule, this thy Queſtion is ſcrupulous, but ſithence it is more curious then devout; the anſwer ſhall be ſhort. For the ſoule ſhall then by the divine power have another manner of form to underſtand then in the paſſage. Nor is it to be wondred at, if for the time and place he alter and change the order and forme of action in the Creature, who is the framer and Author of univerſall Nature. For in things mutable, the whole being of

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the thing done is in the power of the Doer. It is certaine that the Soule would never desire resumption of body, if being resumed, though never so glorious, it should hinder divine contemplation. For according to the opinion and doctrine of St. *Augustine* those holy soules earnestly desire resumption of Body, and expect an iterated Union thereof, because their felicity cannot be consummated without it nor their pleasure satisfied without it. For the soule doth so vehemently desire the body, that in some sort it also hindreth and retardeth it's contemplation:

St. Bern. O miserable stinking and loathsome flesh, from whence is this thy Glo-

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ry, that the holy ſoules whom God hath marked with his owne Image, hath redeemed with his own blood, do deſire thee, do expect thee, and their happineſſe cannot be conſummated (without thee) nor their ſweetneſſe ſatisfied without thee? *St. Auguſtine to this.*

When the ſoule ſhall receive this body, not now carnall, but ſpirituall, ſhe ſhall poſſeſſe the perfect forme of her nature, obeying and commanding, revived and reviving. Then it ſhall come to paſſe with unſpeakeable felicity, that that is to her a glory, which was before to her a burthen.

O my ſoule, conſider what a glory that ſhall be then unto thee, when thou ſhalt be arayed and inveſted with

thoſe

thole new and pure Robes of honour, adorned with all pretious ſtones, that is with a glorified body, wherein there ſhall ſhine ſo many moſt pretious Jewels, as there are vertues in thy mind. Then I beleive thou wilt ſing unto our Lord with Jubilation a new Song ſaying: Rejoyceing I will rejoyce in our Lord becauſe he hath attyred me with a Garment of health, and hath compaſſed me about with a Veſtment of gladneſs, and as a ſpouſe hath graced me with a Crowne.

Yet in the third place view and diligently conſider, that if thou art to have ſo great joy, as from another, what ſhalt thou receive from thy own? for who can be able to declare how great joy, how

ſtupendious

ſtupendious a glory, how incomprehenſible a praiſe and magnificence thou art to have of the moſt bleſſed Trinity, of the moſt happy Society of all the Saints, for that thou haſt ſo manfully overcome thy own body with the ſheild of Chaſtity and Continency: For that thou haſt ſo potently vanquiſhed the world with the ſword of poverty and Indigency, for that thou haſt ſo valiantly put to flight, the worſt of devills with the ſpear of Humility and Obedience; for that thou haſt ſo powerfully withſtood and reſiſted all thy evill Thoughts, all thy Paſſions, all thy diſſolute Manners, conſider if thou canſt, how much glory thou are to have from thoſe, whom by Word and Example thou

haſt exhorted to a virtuous life. And what is more? thou ſhalt receive a ſpeciall and an eternall praiſe for all the virtuous thoughts, ſpeeches and actions, and that which ſhall be wanting unto thee in thy ſelf, that celeſtiall and divine ſociety of the bleſſed, will with mutuall charity fulfill and ſupply, becauſe every one ſhall there receive from his Neighbour what is deficient unto him in his own merit: O my Soul, when Adverſity happens unto thee, though thou piouſly think of theſe things & keep them in mind when thy body greives or overchargeth thee, fly mentally unto theſe, when the world rage, have recourſe unto theſe, & when Sathan lyes in wait for thee, recreate and mi-

mitigate thy mind with these, for our light affliction which is but for a moment worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternall weight of Glory. But because truly that is the only and true joy which is conceived not of the creature, but of the Creator, to whom all pleasure, otherwise compared is a Sorrow, all sweetnesse, greif, and to conclude, all that can delight, is but troublesome, according to St *Bern.*

Therefore I counsell thee, O my Soul, that now by the aforesaid, as though moved, disposed, and invited, thou convert thy self to thy Creator, and thou art diligently to weigh and consider, how great joy those blessed Spirits receive from him, because all

joy propoſed, is either accidentall, and for that, doth not ſatisfie, but only move or encourage, as is that which the bleſſed Spirits receive from theſe that are below, or neer unto them, or it is conſubſtantiall, and for that it ſufficeth nor, and yet it affecteth, as is that which they conceive from theſe which are within themſelves. For this joy which they draw from them that are above them, is only termed ſubſtantiall, becauſe by this only the rationall deſire of the creature is ſatisfied,

Hugo de S. V. All the joy, all the ſweetneſs, all the pleaſantneſs of things created may affect a humane heart, but cannot ſatisfie it.

SOULE.

SOULE.

TEl me I pray thee O man what and how great is that joy? because I desire this only, this is it which I earnestly covet above all, for that I know that these things are not only sufficient, although they might be had without it, but also do leave the Soul empty, hungerstarven and miserable.

MAN.

O My Soule, Thou seest what, and how great that joy is, I have asked and examined all my inmost thoughts and they are not sufficient to tell me, for if all St. *Anselme* that are before spoken of are good and pleasant, consider

seriously, how great that delightfull good is, which contains in it self the pleasure of all good, not such a one as we experience in things created, but differing as much as the Creator differeth from the Creature, hee that shall enjoy so great a good shall be what he will, and what he will not, he shall not be.

Cæsarius. It is more easie to obtain a good life then to express it, whose course is without end, use without loathing, refection without meat, having alwaies after ancient and perpetuall joyes, new delectation, and a continuated felicity without feare of loosing.

St. *Aug.* He is the Reward of virtue, who hath giuen virtue, and hath promised himself,

ſelf, then which nothing can be greater or better. For what other thing is it that is ſpoken by the Prophet, I will be their God, unleſſe I bee, whence ſhall they be ſatisfied, I will be whatſoever, is honeſtly deſired of all? he is the end of our Deſires, who ſhall be ſeen without end, ſhall be beloved without contempt, ſhall be praiſed without wearieſomneſs, this Gift this Affection, this Action, ſhall truly be All in All.

De Civitate Dei.

I thinke notwithſtanding, (that I may not overlong protract thee) although truly, that bee an ineſtimable and unſpeakable joy, yet I conceive it proceedeth of a threefold cauſe, and a triple joy ſhall make glad, and delight

thoſe bleſſed Spirits, for they ſhall delightfully rejoice, in the perfect and moſt excellent contemplation of the divine clearnes, they ſhall ſweetely rejoice in the melliſluous and moſt pleaſant taſte of the divine goodneſs, they ſhall eternally rejoice in the quiet and moſt ſecure imbracing of the divine Majeſty. For thou knoweſt, O my ſoul, that thou excelleſt in thy ſubſtance with three naturall powers, for thou haſt a rationall power which is not perfectly illuminated, but by the manifeſt knowledg of the firſt Truth, and a concupiſcible power, which is not ſatisfied but by the perfect love of the cheifeſt goodneſs, alſo an iraſcible power, which is not quieted, but by the ſecure com-

prehenſion

prehenſion of the Divine Majeſty. Of theſe three bleſſed Saint *Bernard* ſpeaketh upon the *Canticles*, He that repleniſheth thy deſire with good things, ſhall be to thy reaſon fulneſſe of light, to thy will fullneſſe of peace, to thy memory a continuation of Eternity.

Why art thou ſad O my ſoule? and wherefore doſt thou trouble me? hope in God, becauſe yet I will confeſſe unto him; when all errour ſhall depart from thy reaſon, all griefe from thy will, all teare from thy memory, and that ſhall ſucceed which we hoped for, wonderfull quietneſſe, full ſweetneſs, and eternall ſecurity. O my ſoule, how much thinkeſt thou, ſhall their joy and glad-

neſſe be, who perpetually contemplate this mirrour of Eternity, wherein all things paſt, preſent and to come, which do appertaine to the chiefeſt beatitude, are moſt manifeſtly beheld; *St. Aug.* When we ſhall arrive at the ſupernall light of the Father of lights, we ſhall underſtand althat can be in the creatures. Then the Juſt ſhall know all that God hath made to be known. And what is that they cannot know, who ſee him that knowes all things. *Saint Anſelme.*

SOVLE.

AND how can ſimplicity admit this?

MAN

MAN.

Fulgentius. EVen as by a looking-Glaſs a three fold viſion is demonſtrated unto us, in that we ſee our ſelves, the Glaſſe and whatſoever is preſent, ſo by the mirrour of divine clearneſſe, we know God himſelfe, and whatſoever is preſent, that is our ſelves and all creatures.

SOVLE.

O Bleſſed truth I now perceive, that to be wiſe without thee, is to be fooliſh, and to know thee perfectly is to become wiſe.

MAN

MAN.

O My ſoule, thoſe things which thou deſireſt naturally to know, earneſtly endeavour to ſee in this mirrour, ſeek continually to ſtudy and read therein; becauſe to have ſeen this once, is to have learned all things. Truly *Plato's Contemplation, Ariſtotles* Philoſophy, *Empedocles Speculation*, *Hypocrates Searches*, *Ptolomies Aſtrology* &c.

1 *Theory.*
2 *Theoremes.*
3 *Scrutineis:*

ſhall be ſeen there, and accounted but fooliſhneſſe: Becauſe whatſoever we underſtand here concerning the truth, is the leaſt part of thoſe things which we are ignorant of

of. But then, O my ſoule, thou ſhalt ſee, and abound, and thy heart ſhall admire and be enlarged.

SOULE.

AND WHAT SHALL I SEE?

MAN.

THe King of Heaven in his Glory: *Beda.* The ſplendour of eternall pulcritude is of ſuch and ſo great pleaſantneſs, and of ſo great ſweetneſſe, that the very Angells themſelves, who are incomparably more clear then the Sunne, cannot be ſatisfied therewith. Therefore thou ſhalt then abound with delights in the admirable and won-

wonderfull knowledge of the Divine cleerneſſe, thou ſhalt admire at the delightfull conſideration of thy own glory, thou ſhalt be enlarged in the perfect ſpeculation of all Creatures. O ſtupendious and admirable Contemplation! O ſweet and delectable conſideration! O joyfull and unſpeakable ſpeculation!

O Lord my God, how worthily is it ſpoken of thee: One day in thy Courts is better then a thouſand elſewhere. Becauſe according to Saint *Auguſtine*, ſo great is the beauty of Juſtice, ſo great is the pleaſure of the Eternall light, that although it were not lawfull to be delighted there, in more then an houre of one day, for this only innumerable dayes of this life, though

though full of delights, and on every ſide abundancy of temporall good things, ſhould rightly and worthily be deſpiſed. For it is ſo beautifull and ſweet, that it being once ſeen, nothing more can be deſired, and it excelleth all other deſires.

SOVLE.

AND is there no other thing, whoſe Viſion delighteth? whoſe Contemplation maketh glad?

MAN.

O My Soule, although theſe above be ſufficient, if there were no other thing there, yet there remaines one thing, (though I ſhould forbeare-

beare to ſpeak of the ſweet and pleaſant viſion of all the others almoſt innumerable) which wonderfully gladdeth the minds of all the Celeſtiall Spirits, and after a certaine wonderfull manner, I know not with what ineſtimable joy inebriateth every bleſſed creature, to wit, to ſee the exceeding glory of our Heavenly Father, and the glorified humanity of his moſt bleſſed Sonne. Who, O my ſoule, is ſufficient, as to think, how great joy it begetteth to ſee the Virgin *Mary*, not now lying with her Infant crying in the Manger, not now going about weeping, ſeeking and ſaying: Have ye not ſeen him, whom my ſoule loveth? when ſhee had loſt her moſt beloved Infant for three daies

but

but now looking on him with Eternall Joy? For now shee shall not be troubled as flying into *Ægypt* from the face of *Herod*, because he is ascended into Heaven, but *Herod* into Hell: Now she is not troubled about many things, which the Jews have done to her Sonne because all things are subject to him: Not now surely watching, crying out, complaining, and saying: Who will grant it me, that I may dye for thee O my Sonne *Absalon*? when she stood neere unto her only Son, hanging and dying on the Crosse: now not lamentably lamenting when the Disciple was given her instead of her Master, a Servant in stead of her Lord, a Creature in stead of the Creator, as though it were, a stranger

ſtranger inſtead of her only and moſt ſweet Sonne: But now ſhe that in times paſt was ſo miſerable for us being full of ſo great ſorrow, is inestimably exalted above every Creature raigning with Chriſt in the Pallace of the exceeding bleſſed Trinity, ſinging, rejoycing, and ſaying: I have held him and will not part from him: And Chriſt himſelfe ſaying. *Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy loaden and I will refreſh you.*

And this: *Come unto me all ye that deſire me, and ye ſhall be filled from my Generations.*

O my Soule, devoutly conſider in thy mind, what a joy, full of all ſweetneſſe it is to behold a man the Creator of man, a woman the Mother of the Creator of all, our Brother

ther in times past, lost, abject and despised, now found, now returned, now Raigning, now commanding all. O that thou wert as my Brother sucking the breasts of my Mother; when I should find thee without, I should kisse thee with the kisses of devotion, I would embrace thee with the embraces of love, yet I should not be despised, I could lead thee into a Chamber with delight of the sweetest fruition?

In his Meditations. This fruition that devout St. *Anselme* desired, when he said O most sweet Infant, when shall I see thee? when shall I appeare before thy face? when shall I be satisfied with thy comelinesse? when shall I behold thy wished for Countenance? on whom the Angels

desir

desire to look: woe be to that soule that loves not thee, that seeks not thee, who if she love the World, she is a slave to sinne, she is never quiet or content, never secure. Let nothing I beseech thee please me without thee, let nothing be sweet unto me, nothing comely, let no pretious thing content mee besides thee; Let all things be vile unto me, except thee. Whatsoever is against thee, let it be troublesome unto me, and let thy will and pleasure be my indefatigable desire; Let it greive me to rejoyce without thee, delight me to rejoyce with thee, and to weep with thee. O good Jesu, if it be so sweet to weep with thee, how pleasant is it to rejoyce with thee.

SOULE.

O Man, Now I languish with Love to see our Lord my Creatour, I faint with ardent desire to see Jesus my Brother and my Redeemer, now being wounded, with desire, I sigh and groan to behold that glorious Virgin, Mother of my Redeemer. O good Jesus, when shall I see my Joy which I desire? O when will his glory appeare which I hunger after? O when will my Comforter come, which I expect? O that at any time I shall be inebriated with the plenty of his house for which I sigh after! Now every Creature is troublesome to me to behold, because far incomparably shal that beauty excell; from which

which all these things proceeded.

MAN.

O My Soul, expect with patience, that thy desires may increase, because it is written, *After a while and yee shall not see me, and again, after a while and yee shall see me.*

SOULE.

O Long while, O a little too prolixe, for although thy merits be little, yet notwithstanding large are thy desires.

MAN.

O My Soul, if thy desires seem unto thee large and great, wherewith thou art inflamed

flamed to contemplate the Eternal glory and charity, with how great a desire, thinkest thou, oughtest thou to be inflamed perfectly to love God, the eternall goodness, and eternally to possess the highest Majesty? if thou shouldest not love all these things, how canst thou rejoice in the Vision? Although thou shouldest well see and understand them, and shouldest not possess them securely, how shouldest thou continue blessed, St. *Aug.* There therefore we shall be at leasure, and shall see, shall see and love, shall love & possess, for he is the end of our desires, who shall be seen without end, shall be loved without tediousness, shall be prais'd eternally without wearisomness, for there one and

the

the whole virtue is to love; what thou seest, and the cheifest felicity is eternally to have what thou lovest, there a blessed life is fully & perfectly drunken from its very fountain, wherefore after a certain wonderfull manner, both an innated thirst, and also a Satiety is delectably varyed by course, but necessity is far repelled from thirst and loathing is far removed from satiety.

In fine prosologion. But that I may not, O my Soule, now longer keep thee in suspence, hear what that devout *Anselmus* saith, of all the former Heavenly joyes, stir up thy self now, O my Soule, and lift up thy whole understanding, and as much as thou art able, consider attentively

how

how delightfull that good is which containeth the delectation of all good things. If a created life be delightfull, how pleasant is the creating Essence? if a made health be pleasant, how pleasant is that health which maks all things? If the knowledge of the creatures be amiable, how pleasant is that knowledge which is of things created? why therfor dost thou wander through many things, seeking Goods created? love one in whome are all, if Beauty delight thee, the Just shall shine as the sun, if Liberty or strength, they shall be like unto the Angels of God in Heaven, if long and healthfull life there is eternal, health if satiety or exces, they shall be satisfied of the glory, and they shall be inebriated

ebriated with the fulnes of the house of God, if melody, there the Angells do sing, if society and freindship, there is the society of the Saints, & all of them of one mind, if honours and riches, glory and riches are in his Court, if security and certainty, there is the eternall longitude of all times and ages.

O humane heart, O poor and needy heart, O heart experienced in cares, yea overwhelmed with sorrowes, how much wouldest thou rejoyce, if thou shouldest abound in all these, enquire of thy inmost thoughts, if they be able to conceive there so great joy, of their so great a beatitude. But if man of so great a beatitude can scarce conceive his own joy, how shall he be capable

capable of so many joyes, as is the number of the Elect, where every one loveth his Neighbour as much as himselfe. And doth so much rejoyce at his joy, as he loves him? so also every one doth more rejoyce without question of the Felicity of God, then either of his own or of all the Elect. Because even as he loveth God with all his heart, with all his soule, and with all his power; so the whole heart, the whole Soule, the whole mind, is not sufficient to the fullnesse of that joy, because they shall rejoyce, so much as they loved, they shall love so much as they shall behold. Truly neither Eye hath seen, nor Eare hath heard, nor hath it entred into the heart of Man, how much the Saints of God

shall love thee and know thee.

I beseech thee, O my God, that I may know thee, that I may love thee, and that I may eternally rejoyce with thee. And though I cannot fully in this life, yet at least, let my knowledge and love of thee encrease here; that there my joy may be full. Here let that be in hope there let it be in possession. O Lord and Father here thou commandest by thy Sonne, yea thou counsellest us to ask, and promisest us we shall receive, that our joy may be full. I begg O Lord that which by thy admirable Counsell our thou counsellest to ask, and promisest us to receive that our joy may be accomplished, let my understanding meditate

of

of this, let my mouth discourse of this, let my Tongue speak thereof, let my Soule hunger after it, let my flesh thirst after it, untill it shall enter into the joy of my God, who is the Trinity and Unity blessed for ever. *Amen.*

The end of the last part.

The humble and Contrite sinners thankfulnes to Almighty God for his mercy and goodnesse towards him.

O Eternall God my Creator, behold me wretched sinner thy poore Creature, prostrate at the feet of thy mercy, craving pardon most humbly of thy Divine Majesty for my horrible ingratitude towards thee, in that being made by thee of nothing to thy owne Image, and ordained to enjoy thee eternally, I have made no account of thee, but preferred every trifle before thee, and heaped sinne upon sinne with extreame contempt of thy Justice, and

and abuse of thy mercy, longanimity and patience. Therefore how admirable hath thy clemency been towards me, in that thou hast forborne to poure downe thy vengeance upon me, to strike me with suddaine death, and to cast me headlong to Hell, as thou hast done many others, not so grievous sinners as I, wherein nevertheless thou hast spared me. But seeing it hath pleased thee, out of thy infinite goodnesse, now to open my eyes, and to discover unto me, both the horrour of my own Conscience, and the bottomless pit, whereinto I was ready to fall, vouchsafe I beseech thee, to consummate and perfect thy owne good work in me, giving me an humble and contrite heart, that my eyes may be conduites and fountaines of water, to bewaile my sinnes, that my teares

may be my Bread day and night, and that I may bring forth fruits worthy of repentance, that thy Justice being satisfied, by the merits of thy Son and my Saviour, the inevitable and dreadfull houre of my death, may serve me for a happy and sure passage to those everlasting and incomprehensible joyes, whereto out of thy infinite mercy thou hast ordained me. Amen.

F. Fits-Herbert.

A BUNDLE OF MYRRHE.

Concerning the Passion of Christ made by St. BONAVENTURE that famous Dr. of the Church.

This Tractate is devout and full of all piety, wherein a Bundle of Myrrhe is put between the breasts of the spouse, that the flame of vertues, and the desire of compassion to the sufferings of Christ may be increased.

The first Bundle.

Of our Lords Praying in the Garden, and of his taking.

MY beloved is to me a Bundle of Myrrhe, he shal

reſt betwixt my breaſts. The devout ſoule ſpeaketh thus, ſignifying the bitterneſſe of the paſſion of Chriſt that ſhee moreover continually beareth about this, gathered to gether in her breaſt. And as thou alſo, whoſoever thou art that deſireſt to reforme thy memory by the meditation of Chriſts paſſion, mayeſt have theſe bundles in readineſſe, which may reſt in thy memory; The paſſion of Chriſt here handled, we have compendiouſly compiled, only in order of the Evangeliſts, that from theſe few, the work, the manner and the Cauſe, thou mayſt have matter copiouſly to meditate and maiſt from theſe few collect many more.

Think

Think therefore and consider how in that Solemne Supper, whereof it is *spoken of before* being celebrated and a hymn said, Christ God and man seeing his time to approach, rise up that hee might go to the Mount, this is the work which he did.

Above spoken of.

Consider the manner how he carried himselfe within and without, going he foretold the flight of his Disciples: He affirmed that Peter should thrice deny him, and other things he spoke; and again consider this work.

Consider also how he declared those words with exteriour love, and with how great interiour affection he disclosed them. Thus thou maist do every

every where, neither is it needfull alwayes to repeat them.

Taking with him *Peter*, *James* and *John* he saith; my Soule is sorrowfull even unto death; leaving them, he prayeth alone on the Mount. The third time of his prayer being ended, through the imagination of death, and internall griefe and feare, his sweat is made like unto blood, demonstrating his unspeakable paine thereby, for we read no such thing of any other. Then one Angell comforteth his Lord.

Consider how Christ meet his enemies, and of his owne accord offered himselfe, and with his word prostrated them upon the earth. Afterward he is kissed of Judas, apprehended by the Iewes, drawn-

bound,

bound, and lead unto *Annas* house, and all his Disciples fled. And let this be one bundle for thee to keep in memorie.

And here if it pleaseth thee, thou mayest look upon Christ what hee was that suffered these things, and thou maist commit thy self unto him by assent of reason. Beleeve therefore and think that he is truly the Sonne of God, the Beginning of all things, the Saviour of all People, and the rewarder of all.

The Second Bundle.

Of the mocking of him before Annas, *and* Caiphas, *and* Peter *denying him.*

BEfore *Annas* ſpeaking the truth he is ſmitten of a wicked Servant.

Think here of the work, the manner and the cauſe, or at leaſt ſome of them as it liketh thee. After this in *Caiphas* houſe, where the Scribes and Phariſees expected him, he is led ſcorned and ſtrucken, as if he were a blaſphemer. A falſe witneſſe is ſought for, and is not found, he is adjured of the high Prieſt, thrice denyed of *Peter*, But Chriſt looking back on *Peter*, conſtrained him to go forth, and

to weep most bitterly, morning being come, he is brought bound unto *Pilate*: Think on the manner, how they brought him, because it was in the worst kind, as though he were a theef and a malefactor, &c. *Judas* perceiving that they intended to put Christ to death, repented so much in himselfe that he had betrayed so good a man, hanged and himselfe, brought back the money, wherewith a field was bought, as the Prophet *Hieremie* foretold: Before *Pilate* he is many wayes falsly accused, he is sent unto *Herod*, of him, he is scorned at as a fool:

Here most diligently consider, what he is that suffered, and make thy selfe like unto him, that thou mayest partake in sufferance with the most innocent

nocent, most meek, most loving, and most noble. And let this be the second bundle.

The third Bundle.

Of his Crowning and Crucifying.

After this at the Jews request, *Pilate* dismisseth *Barabbas* and delivereth Jesus to be crucified, being overcome by the importunity of the Jews and the feare of Cæsar. Then Jesus after the manner and form of a King is diversly scorned, is roabed with a mantle, crowned with Thornes, strucken with a Reed and as a King is adored in scorne. Here O man, think on the manner, consider the cause, to wit, how Christ carried himselfe, and how the Jewes behaved themselves, the cause why he suffered so great tor-

ments

ments, going that he might be crucified, carrying his own crosse, the people following, & the women weeping, to who he said weep not for me, but weep for your selves. He is crucified on Mount *Calvarie*. And here diligently consider the manner of his Crucifying. For they either first raised up the Crosse, and Christ ascended thereon, or surely they put the Crosse on the earth, and there fastened him thereon with nailes. For there appeareth no other manner. And here in the third place it is convenient more particularly to consider, how great he is that suffered so great things, that thou mayst go forth to him by viewing him with admiration, because he is infinite in power, in comelinesse, in happinesse and in Eternity.

Admire

Admire therefore, that Majesty should be annihilated, that Beauty should be discoloured, that Felicity should be tormented, that Eternity should dye, and this is the third bundle.

The fourth Bundle.

Of those things which were done whilst Christ hanged on the cross, and of the giving up of his Spirit. Christ hanging on the Cross thirsteth.

THinke on the work how Christ hanged, thinke on the Manner and Cause, consider that hee thirsted, prayed for his Crucifiers, he is blasphemed on the Cross, hee is mocked of them that pass

pass by, of the Rulers, of the Theif. A true and indeleble Title is written. *Jesus of Nazareth King of the Jewes.* His dolefull Mother standeth under the Cross, whom he pitieth, and commends her to *John*, darkness is made. At last evidently shewing how great his pain was, and that his humanity was forsaken, in that, that there was no assistance of his superiour powers or faculties, in which it resided, unto the inferiour, in which he suffered, Crying out,

My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me. Having taken Vinegar, now all things being consummate, that nothing remained to be done, crying with a loud voice, he gave up his Spirit, signifying, that as long

long as hee pleased, so long he could live, and that no one could take from him his Soul, but that hee layd it down of himself of his own accord. And here thou oughest to consider, in what manner he suffered, being cloathed in thy forme or likeness. For he suffered like unto a true Lamb, most freely in respect of himself, most obediently in respect of his Father, most wisely in respect of his Adversaries.

Study therefore to put on the habit, according to the representation of that forme he put on, to wit, of Bounty, Severity, Humility, and perfect Knowledge or Prosperity. And this is the fourth Bundle.

The fifth Bundle.

Of those things which were done after his death hanging yet on the Crosse.

THe bones of the Theivs were broken, a bone of Christ was not bruised, least the Effigies thereof might be made void. His side is opened, from whence the Sacraments of the Church do flow, the vaile is rent asunder, the Graves of the dead are opened, that thereby they might rise againe with Christ in the day of his Resurrection.

Here consider how great he is that suffered for thee, and imbrace the Crosse with desire of suffering, that even as he hath suffered injuries, Re-

proaches,

proaches, Mocks, Torments, so by imitating the Passion of Christ, imbrace thou for him, all Sufferings full of Injuries, Reproaches, Scorn, and Torments. And this is the fifth Bundle.

The sixth Bundle.

Of the seven Seals opened by the passion of Christ.

THE Passion of Christ doth not only reform the memory by devout Meditation, nor only inflame the desires unto Devotion, but moreover principally illustrateth the understanding, and leads it to the knowledge of Truth. Even as in the knowledg of the whol frame of the World, there were seven things,

things shut up before the passion of Christ which now are opened.

The first Seal was the admirable Excellency of the Godhead, who by the Crosse hath manifested himself to be the cheif wisdom, in that, that he hath destroyed the Devill with the great Justice, in as much as hee hath payd the price of our Redemption, the greateſt mercy, becauſe hee hath given his Son for us.

The second Seal, was the intelligible Spirit, which is manifested by his Suffering, of how great bounty hee is in respect of the Angels who permitted Christ to be crucified, of how great dignity in respect of men, for in regard of them, Christ was crucified; of how great cruelty,

cky, in respect of the Devills who caused their Lord God to be crucified.

The third Seal, is the sensible World, which by the death of Christ, is prooved to bee a place of Darknesse wherein Blindnesse raigneth, because it knew not the true Light, wherein barrennesse raigneth, because it reputed Christ as unprofitable, Impiety and wickednesse, in that it condemned the Innocent.

The fourth Seale was Paradise, which by the Cross appeareth to be a place of Glory, of Gladnes and of plenty therein, in respect that Christ for the restauration thereof, is made vile poor and miserable.

Fifthly, by the Death of Christ, Hell is manifested to be

be full of all penury, vilenesse and poverty, because he hath suffered these things for the exterminating of sinne, much more the damned shall suffer these, for the just retribution of works.

The sixth Seale, was the laudable virtue, by which the Cross of Christ, is prooved to be pretious, beautifull, and profitable; precious, because Christ would loose his corporall life, before that he would contradict vertue; Beautifull, because he shined much in his very reproaches, profitable, because one perfect act of Christs virtue ransacked Hell, opened Heaven, restored that which was lost.

The seventh Seale is opened by the Cross, and therin

appeared, how detestable the culpable guiltiness is, when for the Remission thereof it needed so great a price, so grand a Sacrifice, so difficult a medicine.

The seventh Bundle.

Of the Resurrection, Ascension, and sending of the Holy Ghost.

AND the third day, Christ the Conquerour of death rise again, and shewed how that we are to rise again also. If therefore thou hast suffered with Christ suffering, now rejoice with him rising again, consider devoutly in what manner the Soule of Christ descended into Hell, what it did there, and of the joy

joy of the holy Fathers, and of the Sorrow of the Devils. Think of the fear of the Keepers, thinke of the watching of the Angells about the Sepulchre, how one only now is reported to sit and then to stand upon the stone, now in the Sepulchre, then two, and these diversly, whereby is shown the multitude of Angels about the Sepulchre, and the severall visitations of the women. Think how Love and Desire constrained *Mary Magdalen* and other weomen, often to runand to visit the Sepulchre of our Lord, thinke upon the divers apparitions of Christ, Think upon the sweet discourses of him with his Disciples, Consider, why Christ would appear in *Galilee*, but

that thou oughtest to fly from vices, whereupon the Passover is called a passing over. But in *Galilee*, that is in the transmigration and change of our bodies, we shall behold and see Christ in the Kingdome of Heaven after the generall resurrection.

Forty daies after the Resurrection, Christ ascending on high, lead the Captivity of the holy Fathers captive. Meditate on the glorious procession of them that ascended with Christ: for the Saints followed him, the Angels came to meet him, and then they did frame those Questions among themselves, whereof the Prophet *Isay* speaketh: who is this that cometh? &c. Think of the sorrow of the Apostles, and the joy of

the

the Angels. Think how the Angels returned to comfort the Apostles. Learn thou to ascend to Christ, but let it be by the ascendings before spoken of, that thou maiest here leave vice; because no vice ascendeth with our Saviour, as Saint *Augustine* saith.

After that, our Lord sent from Heaven the Holy Ghost in fiery tongues. See and behold how the Apostles were afterwards comforted and grounded in Charity. Meditate why the Holy Ghost appeared in fire, why in tongues, why in both together, and why in the forme of other Creatures, and study to obtaine in thy selfe the proprieties of such things. Consider the effects and gifts of the Holy Ghost, and many other such

like things concerning the sending of the Holy Ghost, and the signes of him fighting against Gluttony, to witt, sleep, hardnesse of heart, Idlenesse, Malapartnes of laughter, contradiction and Insensibility.

SPIRITUALL

SPIRITUALL EXERCISES.

IN this little work our *Author* proposeth thirteen spirituall Exercises and to the last he annexeth a certaine short forme taken out of Saint *Bernard* whereby we may climbe from Externall, to the Internall, and from these to the supernall. All which truly by how much the shorter they are proposed of the Author by so much the oftner they ought to be exercised of us.

That thou mayest be preserved in vertues it is necessary for thee to have spirituall exercises wherewith thou mayest employ thy mind, because unlesse thou dost so thou canst not persevere in vertues.

First therefore thou shalt exercise thy selfe in Prayer after this manner and fervently at these times.

Before the beginning of every work or Act thou shalt call upon our Lord, and shalt pray a little with some such short Prayer. O God make haste to help me. Have mercy on me O God, or the like. Also whensoever thou hearest the Bell to ring, thou shalt pray, or when thou hearest it to strike the houres, fervently thou shalt make secretly within thy selfe these Prayers, and

thou

thou shalt do it so, that though thou be nere unto others, they shall not perceive that thou prayest.

Thy second Exercise shall be this, to wit, that thou earnestly determine whensoever thou hearest the Bell toule generally to amend thy selfe, and pray to God that thou mayest.

Before thou beginnest any notable work, thou shalt briefly consider, how thou hast determined to carry thy selfe in thy former purpose.

In like manner every morning thou maist consider how thou wouldest behave thy self the whole day, and this before thou dost thy outward Actions, and when thou dost any Act, thou shalt briefly weigh how thou hast purposed.

Also three or four times a day, thou must vehemently set thy self against Pride.

Thy third Exercise shalbe, the meditation of some good thing, when time admitteth. For thou shalt have every day one speciall memoriall, whereof thou shalt often think, and to what course thou intendest.

For on *Sunday* thou shalt have for thy memoriall to think on the Kingdome of Heaven.

Munday of the last Judgment.

Tuesday of the benefits of God.

Wednesday of Death.

Thursday, of the paines of Hell.

Friday

Friday, of the passion of our Lord.

Saturday, of their owne sinnes.

Nothwithstanding, Thou shalt consider every day together, of the passion of our Lord, with the matter of the day, and the benefits of God. And in every hour of the morning, as of the prime, *Terse, &c.* thou shalt thinke and consider somthing of the passion of that houre, mixt with the matter of the day.

Thus therefore by purposing and Acting, I hope that thou wilt competently spend thy time.

Thy fourth Exercise shall be, That thou dayly exercise thy selfe in humble and abject works, alwaies to choose the lowest

lowest place, and with all thy heart to despise thy self, and to esteem thy selfe unworthy any praise, but to ascribe all to God, nor shalt thou care whether thou art prailed or dispraised. Be mindfull and look into thy self, and thou shalt find, that thou art unworthy of any esteeme, but most worthy of all Reproach: For when thou art neer unto others, thou art to carry thy self silently, courteously, and modestly, yet so as it may become thee.

The fift Exercise shall be, that thou shunne all signes of Pride, to wit, clamour in speech, and so of all other things.

The sixth Exercise shall be

be, that thou often consider, wherein thou carriest thy self evilly wheresoever thou shalt be and thou shalt not suffer any little vice passe over without judgement, because he that doth not weigh little faults falleth often into greater.

The 7th. Exercise shall be, that chiefly wheresoever thou shalt be thou keep a Guard on thy Eyes: because from the not looking to them, infinite mischiefs and evills proceed. Therefore have an especiall care unto thy Eyes.

The 8th. Exercise is to consider the good Actions of others and not the evill. For when thou seest or perceivest any one to sinne thou shalt think that if he should have so much Grace from God as thy

thy selfe, much more fervently he would amend himselfe then thou. And if thou perceivest any one to do any good, thou shalt consider how thou maist imitate that good.

Thy 9th. Exercise shall be, that all that thou seest and heerest from men that thou Confter it to the best, and so thou shalt not be censured.

Thy 10th. Exercise shall be, that alwayes whersoever thou shalt be, thou maist carry thy selfe mannerly and decently in thy outward carriage, least thou maist give an ill example to others, because the externall indecency is a signe of an indevout mind.

Thy 11th. Exercise shall be

be, that alwayes whereſoeuer thou art, thou mayeſt take heed, that thou doſt not that thing, whereby thou maiſt give an ill example to any one, or wherein any may interpret ill of thee, becauſe it is very dangerous to ſhew an ill example to others.

The 12th. Exerciſe ſhall be couragiouſly to reſiſt temptations, and to abſtaine and withdraw thy ſelfe from carnall concupiſcences: becauſe in them there is no health.

The laſt ſhall be, that thou maiſt alwayes ſtand in feare, and carry thy ſelfe modeſtly, and ſo keep thy ſelfe being alone, as when thou art with others

others. For God seeth all things which thou doest.

Thou shalt study to perform these Exercises commonly as much as in thee lyes, and thou shalt diligently entreat our Lord, that he will give thee grace to do them, because without him thou canst do nothing, &c.

I will returne from things externall to the Internall, and will ascend from the internall to the supernall, that I may know from whence I come, or whither I goe. what I am, and from whence I am, that so from the knowledge of my selfe, I may be able to come to the knowledge of God. For by how much I profit in mine owne

own knowledge; by so much the nearer I come to the knowledge of God. From whence do I come, according to the exteriour man from those Parents, who caused me to be damned, before I was borne, they being sinners have begotten me a sinner in their sinne, and in sinne have nursed me, what am I? A man of a slippery humour, for I am in a moment of conception conceived of humane seed, moreover this Spume being coagulated by encreasing a little, is made flesh; afterward, lamenting and wailing, I am delivered to the exile of this World, and behold now I waxing greater, am full of Iniquities. Incontinently I shall be presented before the severe Judge

Then

Then it shall be said of mee; behold the man and his works. Consider those things more seriously.

DEO GRATIAS.
AMEN.

FINIS.